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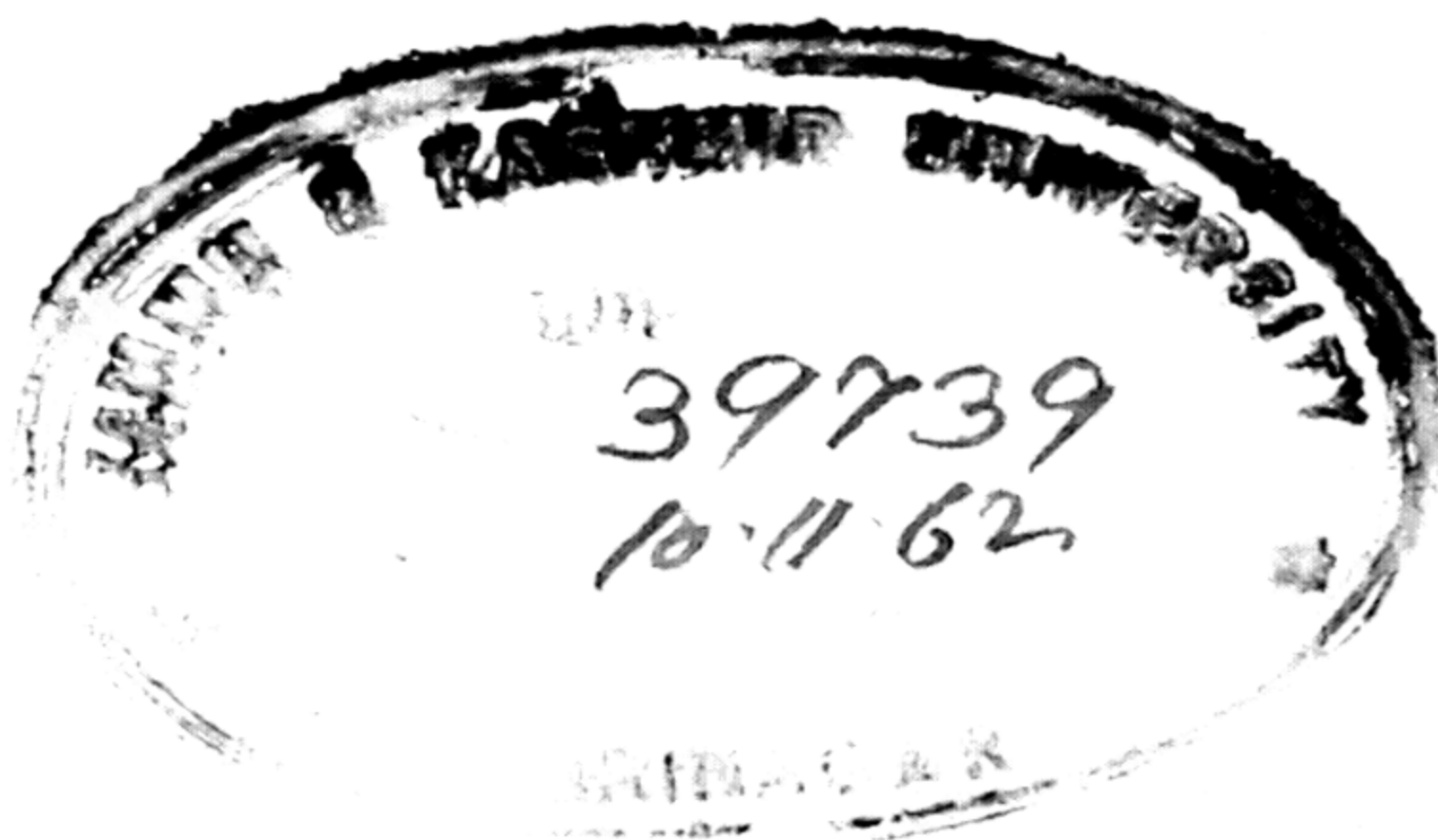
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INTRODUCTION

This selection is meant to provide delightful browse to the Matriculation students for whom it has been prepared within the limited range of the University syllabus. In the opinion of the editor it includes an extraordinary variety of subjects, the passages and essays being interesting in themselves and also models of English prose selected from modern English and from such great classics as are linguistically in consonance with the *living language* of British people.

It is difficult as well as dangerous to introduce students of foreign language too abruptly to the classics of another language. The teacher English here cannot afford to hold too closely to the older techniques and to concern himself too much with Grammar, Style, and the requirements of formal examination paper. Moreover, it must be realized that English man to-day do not talk or write as Francis Bacon or Goldsmith or even Charles Lamb talked or wrote. Do the characters of Fielding, Dickens, Jane Austen, Sir Walter Scott and Anthony Trollope talk the way the moderns do? It is, indeed, in English as the *living language* of the British that a beginner ought to be interested.

Fortunately the newspaper and, more recently, the radio, now provides alternatives to classical literature for the Matriculation students beginning to learn English. In Radio broadcasts particularly, the language remains intensely personal. They are not merely 'colloquial' but point to *the supreme importance of the manner* in which the speaker will address hundreds of thousands of people. It is in the understanding of this straightforward and everyday nature of English that the present selection has been made, almost all the authors being, at the same time, masters of prose.

The contents of this selection have been graded in view of the linguistic difficulties an Indian student has

to grapple with especially during the present period of transition in India. The editor has taken care to maintain an equilibrium between the merit and excellence of these selections, on the one hand, and, on the other the vocabulary and the intellectual equipment of a Matriculation student. Part I consists of narratives, mostly in an Indian setting, in which a beginner finds so much to get hold. *The Barber of Baghdad* being a One-Act play simple enough for the Matriculation standard. Part II contains passages which are in the nature of sips offered here for full draughts. Although complete in themselves as examples of lucid and good prose, these passages may induce the students to quench the thirst created by them by reading the books themselves from cover to cover. Of course, just sufficient introductory comment has been given to each extract to link it to its context and to make it intelligible. In the third part the two items are purely of a scientific interest, such as should be the concern of an individual who lives in the world and, not in an ivory tower.

Part IV contains two letters, which are such as every young man or woman would expect to receive from his or her father. These are glaring examples of courage for the students who will certainly learn it when he is made to appreciate it in others.

The last part consists of essays in which there is much greater emphasis on form than on content on the means of expression, rather than on what is being expressed. This point will strike the beginner quite inadvertently on his part. What is charming about these essays is their lucidity, vividness of description, cogency of phrase and argument, wit, humour, raciness and force of expression, all these being, incidentally, the qualities of good English. Almost all the contents of this book are delightfully moral without being didactic, throwing back to the aestheticomoral quality of the Elizabethans. The editor hopes that the students will enjoy them, pleasure being, if not the end at least their vehicle.

CONTENTS

PART I: LIFE AND DRAMA

I. YUDHISHTHIRA AND THE FAITHFUL DOG —C. A. Kincaid	.. 3
II. THE GREAT PADISHAH BEGUM—John Kennett	12
III. THE TAJ MAHAL—Henry Sleeman	.. 19
IV. THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL WHO WAS LIKENED TO NAPOLEON—Dale Carnegie	.. 26
V. TAGORE—E. H. Carter	.. 34
VI. THE BARBER OF BAGDAD—One Act Play	.. 44

PART II: SNIPPETS FROM REALMS OF GOLD

VII. CRUSOE'S FIRST HABITATION—Daniel Defoe	.. 55
VIII. ESCAPE FROM FAMINE—Pearl S. Buck	.. 69
IX. UNCLE PODGER HANGS A PICTURE —Jerome K. Jerome	.. 74
X. VINOBA AND HIS MISSION—Chester Bowels	.. 87

PART III: SCIENCE

XI. A VISIT TO MOON—James Jeans	.. 103
XII. WHAT MACHINERY DOES FOR MAN —T. C. Bridges	.. 112

PART IV : FAMOUS LETTERS

- XIII. LETTER TO HIS SON—William Hazlitt .. 129
- XIV. LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER .. 135
—Jawahar Lal Nehru

PART V : THE ESSAY

- XV. ON EARLY RISING—A. G, Gardiner .. 147
- XVI. THE ONION EATER—Hilaire Belloc .. 155
-

LIFE AND DRAMA

YUDHISHTHIRA AND THE FAITHFUL DOG

King Yudishthira called to him Prince Arjuna's grandson, the Prince Parikshit, whom Princess Uttara had borne, after her gallant husband, Abhimanyu, had fallen on the battlefield. Then, taking from his own head the crown of Hastinapura. King Yudhishtira placed it on the head of his grand-nephew. He took up the robes of state and laid them on Prince Parikshit's shoulders. Then, calling together his Counsellors, he ordered them to issue throughout the length and breadth of the mighty *Bharata* Kingdom this proclamation :

“King Yudhishtira has resigned the diadem of Hastinapura and King Parikshit, the son of Abhimanyu, the son of Arjuna, the Bharata, has been crowned King in King Yudishthira's stead”.

Then, the five brothers and Queen Draupadi sacrificed to the immortal gods ; and after the gods had been gladdened by the sacrifice, King Yudhishtira clad himself in garments of bark

and deer-skin so that he resembled one of the tribesmen who dwelt the wild southern forests. His brothers and Queen Draupadi did likewise. King Yudhishtira then turned his face to the East and set forth towards the rising sun. His brothers and Queen Draupadi followed him. As they started, King Yudhishtira's hunting dog joined them, and though the serving men would have driven him away, he refused to leave his master. King Yudhishtira rebuked the serving men and said, "The dog comes as a suppliant to my feet. And no Aryan King rejects the prayer of a suppliant. Let the dog also, therefore, come with us".

In this way, King Yudhishtira, his brothers, his Queen, and the King's faithful hound set forth together from Hastinapura upon their last journey.

When Prince Arjuna set forth with King Yudhishtira he slung across his shoulders the mighty *Gandiva* bow and its inexhaustible quiver. For, although his arms, chill with years, had no longer the strength to pull the bowstring, yet the Bharata Prince would not part with the celestial weapon, which, in the

years gone by, had helped him to do such glorious deeds. As the King, his brothers and their Queen walked towards the rising sun, they saw in front of them a column of golden fire. It came nearer and nearer and rose higher and higher, until it seemed to join together earth and heaven. Then, a voice, exquisitely clear, yet louder far than that of any mortal man, called to them from the column : "*O Princes of the great Bharat line ! I am Agni the fire-god, and I have come to claim from Prince Arjuna the celestial bow which I begged for him in the olden time from Varuna, the sea-god. As Arjuna can no longer bend the sea-god's bow, let him take it to the sea-shore and cast it into the ocean. Thus, to the sea-god will go back the sea god's weapon*". King Yudhishtira and his brothers and Queen Draupadi prostrated themselves when they heard the voice of the fire-god. And, when, they again looked upwards, the column of fire had vanished.

Obedient to the fire-god, they walked over towards the rising sun, until they came to the shores of the eastern sea, which today, men call the Bay of Bengal. There, Prince Arjuna

swung round his head the *Gandiva* bow and its inexhaustible quiver and, with all strength, threw them far out to the sea. *Varuna*, the sea-god, seized them as they floated, and, once again, he took the bow in his hand and fitted the quiver upon his mighty shoulders.

Leaving the shores of the eastern sea, the Bharata Princes turned westwards and walked across all India, until they reached the spot near which had once stood *Dwarka*, the beautiful city of the *Yadavas*, by the Western sea. There, just as it had come to Krishna, a longing came to King Yudhishtira to see the cool, white peaks and the pine-clad slopes of the Himalaya mountains. So, he changed again his course and, day by day, marched northwards, until his eyes rested on the snow-clad ranges that guarded the land of the Aryan Kings. When they had climbed the southern foot-hills, Queen Draupadi grew weary and fell by the way. ‘O King!’ cried Prince Bhima, “*Why has Queen Draupadi left us? Never in her life did she commit a sin. Why, then, has death claimed her before our journey’s end?*” King Yudhishtira answered without halting: “*Queen*

Draupadi was the wife of us all, and she should have loved us all equally- But, better than all of us, she loved Arjuna, the archer. That was her sin, and for that she has been punished”.

A few miles farther on, Sahadev’s knees sank beneath him, and fell motionless upon the ground. “O King!” cried Prince Bhima, “my brother, Sahadev, who served three faithfully all his life, has fallen to earth. He was without sin. Why, therefore, did death claim him before his journey’s end?” The King never paused in his march, but answered, “Sahadev served me faithfully ; but, in his heart, he thought that he was wiser than I—nay, wiser than all men. That was his sin, and for that he has been punished.”

Hardly had King Yudhishtira spoken, when Prince Nakula, the handsomest in face of all the brothers fell forward and made no effort to raise himself. “O King!” cried Prince Bhima “My brother, Nakula, who surpassed us all in beauty of face, has died on the way. He was without sin. Why, then, did death claim him before his journey’s end?” The King strode onwards and, without turning his head; replied. “He

was in truth a just Prince and worthy in every way of the great Bharat line. But in his heart he thought that his fair face placed him high above all other men. That was his sin, and for that he has been punished."

Three remaining brothers walked on, without speaking, for a score of miles. Then, the tall and graceful form of Prince Arjuna rolled helplessly in the snow. "O King!" cried Prince Bhima, "Arjuna, thy brother, is dead—Arjuna the greatest archer in the world. What sin did he, the bravest and kindest of all commit? And why has death claimed him before his journey's end?" Kind Yudhishtira walked on a few steps in silence. Then, he answered, "Arjuna promised me that he would destroy Duryodhan and his host in a second of time. But, he kept not his promise, for it was an idle boast. That was his sin, and for that he has been punished."

A league farther on, Prince Bhima felt his knees grow weak ; and for the first time in all his life, fear entered his mighty heart. For a few yards, he struggled on ; then he sank to earth. Looking towards Yudhishtira, he cried, 'O King! I, Bhima, thy last brother, am dying. What sin did I commit that I may not see our journey's

end?" Tears coursed down the King's bronzed cheek, for he loved Bhima best of all his brothers. Without turning his head, but with broken voice, he answered. "*Thy strength was great, but thy pride in it was greater still. That was thy sin, and for that thou art punished*".

There remained with King Yudhishtira, out of all his companions, only his faithful hunting dog. With him, the King walked slowly onwards until, at last, he saw in front of him an aerial chariot, in which sat a shining figure with a thousand eyes. King Yudhishtira, because of the thousand eyes, knew the figure to be that of the god. *Indra*. A moment later, the god said. "*O Bharta King ! Thou art weary with walking. Enter my car, and in it I will drive thee swiftly to my celestial city, Amarvati.*" But the King answered, "*Lord Indra! My brothers have fallen by the wayside. So, too, has Draupadi my Queen, Unless thou will go back with me and take them with thee in thy car, I cannot enter it*" "*O King !*" said the god, "*have no care for thy brothers or thy Queen. They have already reached Amravati, my city before thee.*" "*Lorp Indira*" said King Yudhishtira, "*I have with me my hunting dog, and he must come with me in thy car.*" "*O King,*" said the god *Indra*

and his thousand eyes looked scornfully at Yudhishthira, “ *I cannot, take a dog into my heaven, Leave him, there fore, behind thee and enter my car.*” “Nay, Lord, Indra, said the King, “*this dog came to me a suppliant when I set out on my journey. I am a Bharata King, and no Bharata King has ever flouted a suppliant, Unless thou permit my hunting dog to enter it with me, I cannot enter thy car.*” The god, Indra, smiled on the King and said, “King Yudhishthira ! I was but testing thy worth, and thou hast fully stood the trial. Enter thou my car and bring thy hound with thee.”

C. A. Kincaid.

Notes

<i>had borne</i>	: had given birth to.
<i>had fallen</i>	: had been killed.
<i>the robes of state</i>	: the royal clothes
<i>proclamation</i>	: royal declaration.
<i>diadem</i>	: crown.
<i>clad</i>	: dressed
<i>garments</i>	: robes ; clothes.
<i>suppliant</i>	: petitioner.
<i>quiver</i>	: case for holding arrows.
<i>inexhaustible</i>	: That which never finished.
<i>celestial</i>	: heavenly.
<i>exquisitely</i>	: excellently; beautifully.
<i>prostrated</i>	: lay with face to the ground, especially, as a token of humility.

- strode* : walked with long steps.
archer ; one who shoots with bow and arrow.
sank to earth : fell down dead.
bronzed cheek : hardened face.
flouted ; mocked, insulted.
stood the trial : faced the severe test.

Questions

1. What did the fire-god, Agni, say to Princes of the great Bharat line ?
2. The god, Indra, told King Yudhishtira that he was testing his (King Yudhisthara's) worth. Explain this fully.
3. What happened to the mighty *Gandiva* bow finally?
4. Write notes on the following : —
 Queen Draupadi, Varuna, Dwarka, Indra, Sahadev and Amravati.

Language Study

1. Use the following in your sentences :—
 to fall on, to fall to, to fall through, to fall out,
 to bear, to bear up, to bear with, to bear on,
 to bear off.
2. Change what the fire-god, Agni, says to the princes into Indirect form of speech.
3. Translate the last para into a Modern Indian Language.

THE GREAT PADISHAH BEGUM

Princess Jahanara was the eldest child of Shah Jahan. Emperor, who loved her best of all his children, educated her, and allowed her to travel, which was an uncommon thing in those days. She was a good woman and so wise that the Emperor and her brothers often asked her advice on matters of State. For her great goodness and wisdom, her father gave her the title of Padishah Begum.

Many great princess are proud and selfish, and never think of helping the poor, but the great Padishah Begum was not like that. She was as good and kind as she was beautiful, and refused her help to no one.

Now, much as the Emperor loved Princess Jahanara, he would not consent to her marriage. It is said that in Akbar's time his daughter married a man who later rebelled against him. Akbar then made a law that in the future no Moghul princess should be allowed to marry, but of course, any of the later emperors could have changed this law if they had wished.

Prince Dara loved his sister very much,

and he promised her that he would allow her to marry when he became Emperor. The Princess was unhappy about this custom of the Moghuls, and she turned her attention to religion.

She became a disciple of the religious order of the saint, Mian Mir of Lahore, and studied the teachings of Shaikh Muin-ud-din Chishti. She spent most of her time, when other duties permitted, in studying the scriptures and writing many books in persian on religion and poetry.

One day this great Princess was nearly burnt to death in trying to save the life of her favourite dancing-girl, Gulal Bai. Gulal Bai had composed a very beautiful dance for Princess Jahanara and, while she was dancing, her saree caught fire from one of the decoration lights that lined the floor. The girl, in great fear, ran out into the open courtyard where the wind only fanned the fire, and in no time she was wrapped in flames from head to foot. Princess Jahanara ran after her and threw her own saree about Gulal Bai, trying to smother the flames, but her clothes also caught fire.

For four months the Princess lay in bed with painful burns all over her arms and back. The Emperor called in all the best and most clever doctors in the kingdom to cure her,

but they all failed to do so.

Her father and brothers were in despair, when a slave by the name of Arif brought an ointment and asked if he might apply it. The Emperor was only too pleased to try anything that might cure his daughter. Strangely enough, the burns healed at once.

The Emperor was so happy that he called a special durbar. Jahanara was seated beside him on his throne, while he gave presents to all the doctors who had tried their best to cure her. To the slave Arif he gave his freedom and his weight in silver. The Princess was weighed against gold coins, which were later divided among the poor. So much gold, in fact, was given away that many poor people became rich for the rest of their lives.

Of all her brothers, Princess Jahanara loved Dara the best. The other brothers, especially Aurangzeb, hated Dara, who was heir to the throne, and the Princess had to use all her charm and powers to keep peace in the family.

One day the old Emperor became ill. When the people did not see him at his durbar, they thought he was dead and this story spread through the land. The wise Jahanara knew that

trouble would come if her father died, so she sent her bracelet to the noble Chhatra Sal, asking him to be her *rakhi-band-bhai*. He accepted the bracelet and sent her a beautiful *kachli* (bodice) as a token of his acceptance.

Aurangzeb heard that his father was dead. It had long been a Moghul custom for the ablest prince to do away with his brothers and take the throne for himself at such a time. Aurangzeb wished to be Emperor, and set out at once for Agra. Prince Murad, the youngest brother, was persuaded to join him, and they marched against Dara.

Aurangzeb was victorious and many brave chieftains, including the great Chhatra Sal, died that day, fighting for Prince Dara and Princess Jahanara.

As you know from history, Aurangzeb put his old father, Shah Jahan, in prison and became the Emperor. He knew how wise Jahanara Begum was and offered her a high position in his Court if she would leave her father. She refused his offer, with scorn, and said :

“I shall share the sufferings of my father. He needs me in his old age, and I shall never leave him”.

Shah Jahan lived in prison for seven years, and died at last of grief. All through that time princess Jahanara stayed with him and took care of him in his old age. It is said that she persuaded the old Emperor, just before his death, to write a letter forgiving Aurangzeb.

After Shah Jahan died, Princess Jahanara took the crown jewels and the letter and gave them to Aurangzeb. He was very pleased and gave her back her old palace, with the title of Padishah Begum. The Emperor often went to visit her and to ask her advice on matters of State.

Before her death this great Princess gave away all money to the poor. She asked the people to write on her grave :

“Let no man cover my grave except with green grass, for this is the best covering for the tomb of the lowly.”

Her tomb, which is in Delhi, bears these words and can still be seen to this day.

—Johan Kennett

Notes

State	: Government.
Order	: a group of persons belonging to a certain rank.
Scriptures	: religious books.
smother	: suppress; put down.
Chhatra Sal	: Raja of Bundi
token	: mark; sign.
lowly	: humble.

Questions

1. What was Princess Jahanara's attitude towards Aurangzeb when Shah Jahan was imprisoned?
2. Narrate briefly a few incidents which support the view that Jahanara was a great woman.
3. Write notes on the following :-
Main Mir of Lahore, Muin-ud-din Chisti, Dara Murad.

Language Study

1. Mark the italicised clauses in the following sentences and change them into simple sentences by turning clauses into words or phrases :—
 - (a) Aurangzeb heard *that father was dead*
 - (b) He wished that *he could be Emperor.*
 - (c) Her father and brothers were in despair *when a slave by the name of Arif brought an ointment and asked if he might apply it.*
2. Mark the following compound sentences and change them into simple and, if necessary, complex sentences:
 - (a) He accepted the bracelet and sent her a beautiful *Kachli* (bodice) as a token of his acceptance.

- (b) The Emperor called in all the best and most clever directors in the kingdom to cure her, but they all failed to do so.
- (c) Many great princesses are proud and selfish, and never think of helping the poor, but the great Padishah Begum was not like that.
3. Single out noun-clauses, adjective clauses and adverb-clauses from the text and change them into phrases.
4. Distinguish between the following pairs of sentences:-
 The repaired to the palace : They repaired the palace.
 They reached home safe : They reached home safely.
 They reached home safe : They called on the doctor.
 He went home direct : He went home directly.
 Jahanara was the eldest daughter : Jahanara was the oldest daughter.
5. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following passages :-
- (a) "The Emperor was so happy that he called a special durbar. Jahanara was seated beside him.. for the rest of their lives". (Para 9).
- (b) "One day the old Emperor became ill....as a token of his acceptance." (Para 11).

THE TAJ MAHAL.

On the 1st January, 1836, we went on sixteen miles to Agra and, when about six miles off the city, the dome and minarels of the Taj opened upon us from behind a small grove of fruit-trees. The morning was not clear, but it was a good one for a first sight of this building, which appeared larger through the dusky haze than it would have done through clear sky.

For five and twenty years of my life had I been looking forward to the sight now before me. Of no building on earth had I heard so much as of this, which contains the remains of the Emperor, Shah Jahan, and his wife. We had ordered our tents to be pitched in the gardens of this splendid mausoleum, that we might have our fill of the enjoyment which everybody seemed to derive from it; and we reached them about eight o'clock. I went over the whole building before I entered my tent, and I can truly say that everything surpassed my expectations.

I, at first though the dome formed too large a portion of the whole building, that its

neck was too long and too much exposed, and that the minarets were too plain in their design. But, after going repeatedly over every part examining the whole building from all possible positions and in all possible lights, from that of the full moon at midnight in a cloudless sky to that of the noonday sun, the mind seemed to repose in the persuasion that there was an entire harmony of parts, a faultless congregation of architectural beauties on which it could dwell for ever without fatigue.

After my quarter of a century of anticipated pleasure, I went on from part to part in the expectation that I must, by-and-by, come to something that would disappoint me. But no; the emotion which one feels at first is never impaired; on the contrary, it goes on improving from the first sight of the dome in the distance to the minute inspection of the last flower upon the screen round the tomb. One returns and returns to it with undiminished pleasure: and thought, at every turn, one's attention to the smaller parts becomes less, and less, the pleasure which he derives from the contemplation of the greater, and of the whole collectively, seems to increase; and he leaves, with a feeling of regret that he could not have it all his life.

within his reach.

The Emperor and his queen lie buried side by side in a vault beneath the building to which we descend by a flight of steps. Their remains are covered by two slabs of marble ; and directly over these slabs, upon the floor above, in the great centre room under the dome, stand two other slabs of the same marble, exquisitely worked in mosaic. Upon that of the Queen, amid wreaths of flowers, are worked in black letters passages from the *Koran*. On the slab over her husband, there are no passages from the *Koran*, merely mosaic work of flowers, with his name and the date of his death.

I asked some of the learned Muhammadan attendants the cause of this difference, and was told that Shah Jahan had himself designed the slab over his wife and saw no harm in inscribing the *words* of God upon it; but that the slab over himself was designed by his more pious son, Aurangzeb, who did not think it right to place these holy words upon a stone, which the foot of man might some day touch.

The slab over the Queen occupies the centre of the apartments above and in the vault below, and that over her husband lies on the left as

we enter. At one end of the slab in the vault, her name is inwrought : *Mumtazi-Mahal-Banu Begum* 'the ornament of the palace, Banu Begam' and the date of her death, 1631.

The building stands upon the north side of a large quadrangle, looking down into the clear blue stream of the river Jamna, while the other three sides are enclosed with a high wall of red sandstone. The entrance to this quadrangle is through a magnificent gateway in the south side opposite the tomb; and on the other two sides, are very beautiful mosques, facing inwards, and corresponding exactly with each other in size, design and execution.

The mausoleum itself, the terrace upon which it stands, and the minarets, are all formed of the finest white marble, inlaid with precious stones. The wall around the quadrangle, including the river face of the terrace, is made of red sandstone, with cupolas and pillars of the same white marble. The marble was all brought from the Jeypoor (Jaipur.) territories upon wheeled carriages, a distance, I believe, of two or three hundred miles, and the sandstone from the neighbourhood of Dholpur and Fatehpur Sikri. Shah Jahan is said to have inherited his partiality

for this from his grand father. Akbar, who constructed almost all his buildings of the same stone.

We visited the Moti Masjid or Pearl Mosque, It was built by Shah Jahan, entirely of white marble and completed, as we learn from an inscription on the portico, in the year A. D. 1656. There is no mosaic upon any of the pillars or panels of this mosque; but the design and execution of the flowers in bas-relief are exceedingly beautiful. It is a chaste, simple and majestic building and is, by some people, admired even more than the Taj, because they have heard less of it and their pleasure is heightened by surprise. We feel that it is to all other mosques what the Taj is to all other mausoleums, a *facile princeps*.

Few, however, go to see the 'mosque of pearls' more than once, stay as long as they will at Agra; and when they go, the building appears less to deserve their admiration; while they go to the Taj, as often as they can, and find new beauties in it or new feelings of pleasure from it every time.

—Henry Sleeman

Notes

<i>Off the city</i>	: at a distance from the city.
<i>dome</i>	: rounded vault as a roof with circular or polygonal base.
<i>minarates</i>	: turrets connected with building.
<i>grave</i>	: group of trees.
<i>opened upon us</i>	: appeared before us.
<i>dusky</i>	: dark; shadowy.
<i>haze</i>	: dimness of the atmosphere near earth often arising from heat.
<i>to be pitched</i>	: to be fixed
<i>musoleum</i>	: magnificent tomb (originally) the tomb of Mausolus of Caria erected by his queen Artemisia in 4th (B. C.)
<i>surpassed</i>	: excelled ; was better than.
<i>repose in the</i>	
<i>persuasion</i>	: contented with the belief
<i>congregation</i>	: grouping.
<i>impaired</i>	: damaged; weakened.
<i>slab</i>	: flat, usually square or rectangular, piece of stone.
<i>mosaic</i>	: Form (or art) in which pictures or any designs are produced by joining together pieces of glass, stone etc.
<i>execution</i>	: construction; finish.
<i>inlaid</i>	: studded with; ornamented with.
<i>partico</i>	: construction; finish. : studded with; ornamented with.
	: colonnade; roof supported by columns at regular intervals.
<i>bas-relief</i>	: (piece of) shallow carving on back-

ground (less than half the true depth).

chaste : pure in taste and simple.

heightened : enhanced; increased.

facile princeps : Easily first.

Questions

1. Why did Shah Jahan order the Taj Mahal to be built?
2. Write two fifteen-line paragraphs in your own words to describe the Taj Mahal after the manner of Henry Sleeman.
3. On the slab over Shah Jahan there are no passages from the *Koran*. What are the reasons for this?

Language Study

1. Use the following words and phrases in your own sentences :- to pitch, to repose in, mosaic, to heighten, to surpass.
 2. Form gerunds from the following and use them in sentences of your own :-
to see, to lie, to go, to walk, to beg, to recite, to carve.
 3. What is a compound gerund? Give three examples in sentences of your own.
 4. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following passages :-
(a) "One returns and returns to it with undiminished —within his reach". (Para 3)
(b) "It is a chaste, simple and majestic—a *facile princeps*"
(from the last but one para)
-

THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL WHO WAS LIKENED TO NAPOLEON

MARK TWAIN once said : "The two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are : Napoleon and Helen Keller." When Mark Twain said that Helen Keller was only fifteen year old. Today she still remains one of the most interesting characters of the twentieth century.

Helen Keller is totally blind; yet she has read far more books than most people who can see. She has probably read a hundred times as many books as the average person, and she has written eleven books herself. She made a motion picture of her own life and acted in it. She is totally deaf, yet she enjoys music far more than many people who can hear.

For nine years of her life, she was deprived of the power of speech; yet she has delivered lectures in every state in the Union; for four years, she appeared as a headliner in vaudeville; and she has travelled all over Europe.

Helen Keller was born perfectly normal. For the first year and a half of her life, she could see and hear like other children and have even begun to talk. Then suddenly she was overwhelmed by a catastrophe. She was struck down by an illness which left her deaf, dumb and blind at the age of nineteen months and blighted her whole existence.

She began to grow up like a wild animal in the jungle. She smashed and destroyed every object that displeased her. She crammed her food into her mouth with both hands; and when anyone tried to correct her, she flung herself upon the floor and kicked and thrashed and tried to scream.

In utter despair, her parents sent her to the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, pleading for a teacher. Then, like an angel of light, Anne Mansfield Sullivan came into her tragic life. Miss Sullivan was only twenty years old when she left the Perkins Institute in Boston and undertook what seemed an impossible task—the task of educating a deaf dumb and blind child. Her own life had been filled with tragic and heart-breaking poverty.

At the age of ten, Anne Sullivan had been

Sent with her little brother to live at the poor house in Tewksbury, Massachusetts. The poor house was so overcrowded that the two children slept in what was known as the "dead room"—the room where dead bodies were laid out to await burial. The little brother was sickly and after six months, he died. And Anne herself, when she was only fourteen years old, had become so nearly blind that she was sent to the Perkins Institute to learn to read with her fingers. But she did not go blind. Not then. Her sight improved. It was only a half-century later, and shortly before her death, the darkness finally closed in upon her.

I cannot possibly make clear in a few words the miracle Anne Sullivan wrought with Helen Keller, nor how in one short month, she succeeded in communicating with a child who lived in an utter darkness and a withering silence. That story has been told unforgettable in Helen Keller's own book, *The story of My life*. No one who has read that book can possibly help remembering the happiness of the little deaf, dumb and blind child on the day she first realized there was such a thing as human speech. "It would have been difficult," she says, "to find a happier child than I was as

I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time, longed for a new day to come ”

When Helen Keller was twenty years old her education and advanced so far that she entered Radcliffe College, and her teacher went with her. By that time, she could not only read and write as well as any other student at College, but she had even regained her power of speech. The first sentence she ever learned to say was “I am not dumb now”. She said it over and over again, thrilled, elated at the miracle—“I am not dumb now.”

Today she speaks like a person who was a slight foreign accent. She writes her books and magazine articles on a typewriter that types in Braille, or raised dots. And if she wants to make corrections in the margin, she pricks little holes in the paper with a hairpin.

I have noticed that as she walks she often talks to herself. But she doesn't move her lips as you and I do-she moves her fingers, and talks to herself in sign language. Her secretary told me that Miss Keller's sense of direction is no better than yours or mine.

She often loses her way in her own home, and if the furniture is moved, she is at a complete loss. Many people expect her to have a sort of uncanny sixth sense because she is blind, yet scientific tests have shown that her sense of touch and taste and smell are just about like yours.

However, her sense of touch is so acute that she can understand what her friends are saying by placing her fingers lightly over their lips and she enjoys music by putting her hands on the wood of a piano, or a violin; she even listens to the radio by feeling the vibrations of the cabinet. She enjoys singing by putting her fingers lightly on the throat of the singer, but she herself cannot sing or carry a tune.

If Hellen Keller were to shake hand with you today and then meet you and shake hands again five years later, she would remember you by your handshake—whether you were angry or happy, disappointed or gay.

She rows a boat and swims and loves to gallop through the woods on horseback. She plays checkers and chess with a set made especially for her. She even plays solitaire with a deck of cards that has raised figures; and

on rainy days, she often spends the time knitting or crocheting.

Most of us think that about the worst affliction in the world is to become blind. Yet Helen Keller says she doesn't mind being blind nearly so much as being deaf. In the utter darkness and silence which separates her from the world, the thing which she misses most is the friendly sound of the human voice.

—Dale Carnegie

Notes

- Mark Twain* : Samuel Langhorne Clemens, novelist and travel writer (30 Nov. 1835-21 April 1910), author of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.
- Napoleon* : name of French Emperor, Napoleon I (Bonaparte) (1769-1821), defeated at Waterloo on June 18, 1815 and exiled to St. Helena where he died six years later.
- Vaudeville* : slight dramatic sketch interposed with songs and dances : variety entertainment.
- headliner* : in the lime light ; important enough to be in the headlines of newspapers ; but here it means that she was at the

	top of the title page of vaudeville.
<i>Overwhelmed</i>	: overpowered
<i>Catastrophe</i>	: disaster; misfortune; calamity.
<i>blighted</i>	: marred; ruined.
<i>Her own life.....</i>	
<i>poverty</i>	: She had to suffer on account of extreme poverty.
<i>Massachusetts</i>	: a state New England, U S. A.
<i>laid out</i>	: placed.
<i>to learn to read</i>	: the blind are taught to learn to read by what.
<i>with her fingers</i>	: is known as braille system. This method is named after its inventor, M. Braille (1834). He was French.
<i>closed in upon her</i>	: enveloped her.
<i>withering silence</i>	: dumbness which was wasting her.
<i>crib</i>	: bed.
<i>thrilled</i>	: excited.
<i>elated</i>	: in high spirits.
<i>uncanny</i>	: unusual; extraordinary.
<i>solitaire</i>	: A card-game by one person.
<i>crocheting</i>	: knitting with hooked needle.
<i>affliction</i>	: misery; pain.

Questions

1. What do you know about Helen Keller's sense of direction?
2. What does Helen Keller do in order to understand what her friends speak?

3. How does she enjoy music and the radio ?
4. Comment on Helen Keller's hobbies.
5. In spite of all Hellen Keller has achieved, what, in your view, does she miss on account of her deafness and blindness ?

Language Study

1. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own :-
to lay out, to blight, to overwhelm, to close in upon, to live over.
 2. Fill in the blanks in the following sentences :-
a) She made a motion picture—her—life and acted—it.
b) I lay—my crib—the close—that eventful day.
c) She will remember you—your handshake.
 3. Complete the following sentences :-
Although Hellen Keller was blind.....
In spite of her loss of speech.....
If Hellen Keller were to shake hands with you.....
She could lecture and write books as if.....
 4. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the first and last paras of the story.
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TAGORE

One of the greatest of the sons of modern India was Rabindranath Tagore, poet, author, religious preacher, social reformer, artist and musician. This great man, representing all that is best in Indian thought and character, did much to make his people more truly understood by the Western world.

Tagore was born in 1861, four years after the tragedy of the Mutiny had threatened to wreck British influence in India. At that time, nearly a hundred years ago, modern Western inventions had barely gained a foot-hold in India ; railways were in their infancy, and machinery was regarded with suspicion. The superstitious dread of losing caste by crossing the ocean kept all but a few daring spirits at home, so the Indian knew little of any land but his own. But the work of mission schools had begun to arouse a desire for education, and the first Indian universities had just been founded at Calcutta, Madras and Bombay.

Tagore's father was a Bengali landowner a remarkable, man, who earned from his fellow

countrymen, during his lifetime, the title of Maharshi (Great Seer). He revived a Bengali religious society, provided it with a printing press and made it possible to issue a monthly magazine. The society included many men of great ability and noble character, and it was from Bengal that the "Great Awakening" swept over India in the late nineteenth century just as the "New Learning" or *Renaissance* had spread from Italy over Europe in the sixteenth century. This society teaches that there is one Supreme being, and its members believe that the root principles of their religion and all other true religions are the same.

In this atmosphere of culture and religion Tagore and his brothers grew up, free from the superstitions which enslaved so many of their countrymen. One brother was the first Indian to enter the Indian Civil Service. Another, a noble character, was not only an artist whose work aroused the admiration of one of the leading British art critics but also a man of wide interests and boundless energy, a promoter of the riversteamers, a pioneer of social reforms, a man who poured out money for his various ventures so freely that he himself was poor. Yet another brother was

a poet, and lived to a great age, honoured and revered by all India.

Such was the highly cultured family to which Tagore belonged. He himself managed his father's estate from the age of twenty-four and already he had attracted much attention on account of his ability and high ideals. During the eighteen nineties he founded a magazine, the finest periodical Bengal had ever known, and through its pages he guided his people towards the achievement of true nationalism.

He was a deeply religious man and in one of his lectures he told of the visions he had when he was eighteen years old when he stood watching the sun rise, and again when he stood on a verandah looking down on the people in the street below. He then knew that he had at last found his religion; it was a vision of the *Infinite*, coming close to him in the *guise* of his fellow men, appealing for his love and *compassion*. He must seek it in service and suffering.

“Whom thou givest, Thy banner, Thou givest the strength to carry it. Thou givest him love that he may be able to bear the

strain of Thy service. I therefore desire with all my heart that I may be liberated from by suffering I do not desire to achieve salvation by avoiding the pain which is the gift of Thy hand”.

Tagore was convinced of the need of education for his people and in 1900 he left his country home at Sheleida on the Ganges delta, and moved to the “Abode of Peace” on the drier uplands. There he founded his famous school which became an international institute and is now a university as well as an agricultural training college, known the world over. He returned occasionally to his beloved retreat “among the wild ducks” at Sheileda, to seek a short rest from his many labours. He had many interests besides his education and literary work. He made pioneer efforts for the betterment of Indian village life and worked for the removal of such blots on India Society as child-marriage and the treatment of the “untouchables”, the lowest of the Hindu castes.

Tagore had a great love for, and understanding of, the country people of India, and left (much as *Chaucer* did in our country six

hundred years earlier) that the common speech should be the foundation of all good writing. "Only by following the stream of one's mother tongue," he once said, "can one get to the sea of universal human culture." At the same time he longed to widen the stream, and to free his people from the narrow-mindedness of Bengali society. He wrote for his own people in the Bengali tongue, and only those who can read and speak Bengali can fully appreciate the beauty, grace and lyrical richness of his poems, plays and novels. Until he was fifty he rarely used English in his literary work but he had mastered that language, and made good use of it in some of his later prose writings.

Tagore's fifth birthday was marked by a great reception in the Town Hall of Calcutta when enthusiastic tribute was paid to his work. Two years later he visited England and Europe taking, it has been said, "the Indian spirit on pilgrimage through the world." He made the tour for two reasons : his health was being broken down by his great and ceaseless literary and social activities ; and he needed money for his college. This money could be obtained by lectures and the increased sale of his books.

On this occasion he prepared his first English translation of one of his works "Song Offerings". This was published by the India Society with a foreword by Yeats, the Irish poet. This volume brought him worldwide fame. Tagore's works often suffered by translation, for he feared that English readers would not understand what was strange to them. He, therefore, cut out or toned down much that was gripping and powerful because it was too peculiarly Indian. Later he himself bitterly regretted what he termed "the falsification of his own coinage". His tour was not confined to Europe, for he also visited China, Japan and Persia, and was everywhere received with the respect due to so noble an ambassador of the Indian people. Various governments gave him official receptions and planes were placed at his disposal. While in Europe he received the much coveted *Nobel Prize* for literature, and used the money for the upkeep of his school. In 1915 he was knighted by the King of England.

Tagore was a thinker a head of his time. In 1916 he published his book "Nationalism", in which he showed clearly the dangers of a *cult* that brought about the most desructive wars in the history of the world. Moreover,

he foresaw long ago the menacing effect that machines would have upon beauty and individuality. He was aware of the deep differences between the Western world and his own ; he saw that the main concern of the former was to extend itself outwardly, while the spirit of the East is more inclined to turn in ward in meditation, neglecting the outward things of progress and commerce.

While fully aware of the faults and flaws in Western civilisation with its highly mechanised methods. Tagore, unlike Gandhi, did not despair of the possibility of some kind of compromise between East and West. He felt that each may have something to bring to and receive from the other to their mutual advantage.

While all his passionate patriotism and his love for his own people, Tagore felt a great affection for England, and was ever the constant friend of our country. At a time, in 1921, when India was passing throuh bitter and dark days, he wrote : "I cannot help loving England, which has given me some of my dearest friends. I am intensely glad that it is hateful to hate."

Tagore was at his best as a lyrical poet.

He also wrote plays and novels. His short stories are perhaps his finest work, dealing as they do with touching human experiences and the moods of nature. His novel "Gora", picturing the struggle between old and new in Calcutta society, is the greatest work of fiction modern India has yet produced. He was interested "in politics only in so far as it concerns the deeper life of India and he desired that the national movement in India should consider social reforms before political freedom. By his abundant writings, which are permeated by a sense of the beauty of the universe, by a love of children and of simplicity and a consciousness of God, Tagore did much to interpret for the West the more serious reflection of the people of Bengal".

Tagore died in 1941 at the age of eighty. He has very truly been called "the Mediator between East and West", and his death was mourned in India and throughout the English speaking world. The world lost a poet of great charm, and a man of fine character, unselfish and sincere, who left an empty place that will not soon be filled. Such a man comes to a nation only once in many centuries.

E. H. Carter, *Pioneers of the Modern World*.

Notes

- Renaissance* : revival of art and letters under the influence of classical models in the 14th and 15th centuries.
- Infinite* : Divinity ; God.
- Guise* : form ; assumed shape.
- Compassion* : sympathy.
- Chaucer* : Geoffrey Chaucer (1340—1400), poet, famous for his poetry, his *Canterbury Tales* being his greatest contribution to English Literature.
- Yeats* : William Butler Yeats (1865—1939), an Irish poet and playwright.
- Cult* : a system of religious belief and observance.

Questions

1. Write two ten-line paragraphs on the India of Tagore's infancy.
2. On the basis of your reading of the essay, write notes on the following :—
Tagore's father, Tagore's contribution to the betterment of the villagers, Tagore's idea of good writing, and his aim as a writer.
3. In the light of the essay, discuss Tagore's *Song Offerings*.
4. How did the West react towards Tagore when he went there ?
5. Write a few notes on Tagore's *Nationalism*.
6. Discuss Tagore's views on the relationship of Western and Eastern civilisations.
7. Write a two-page essay on Tagore's writings.

Language Study.

1. Simplify the second and the third paras in your own words, rulling out words and phrases which can be dispensed with.
 2. Mark the definite article in the following passage and write sentences to show that you know the use of the articles, both definite and definite :-
 3. The society included many men of the Togore ideas. The great awakening came from the Bengal of Tagore's childhood. It would seem to have reached its climax in the Renaissance during the Nehru regime.
 4. Distinguish between the following pairs of sentences :
 Tagore himself managed his father's estate, Tagore managed his father's : estate.
 It was from Bengal that the "Great Awakening" came. : The Great Awakening came from Bengal.
 Tagore was born in India : It was in India that Tagore was born.
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THE BARBER OF BAGHDAD

CHARACTERS

ALI, THE BARBER
THE WOODCUTTER
CALIPH

COURTIERS
DONKEY, ETC.

SCENE I.

Time : *Morning.*

Place : *Outside Ali's shop*

Woodcutter. Good morning, good barber

Ali. I have no time to waste in idle greetings.
What do you want with me ?

Woodcutter. I have a load of wood which I
have just brought in on my donkey. Would
you like to buy it ?

Ali. Well. Let me see. Is it good wood ?

Woodcutter. The best I can get in the forest.

Ali. I'll give you five shekels for all the wood
upon your donkey's back. That is a good price.

Woodcutter. It has taken me a long time to
cut, but you shall have it all for five shekels.
See. I will put the wood here by your door.

(Puts the wood by the door, while Ali watches).

Now, good sir, give me the silver.

Ali. Not so fast, my good friend. I must have your wooden pack-saddle too. That was the bargain. I said. 'Five shekels for all the wood upon your donkey.' Truly the saddle is wood.

Woodcutter. Who ever heard of such a bargain? You do not mean what you say. You would not treat a poor woodcutter so.

Ali. Give me the saddle, or I'll have you put in prison.

Woodcutter. But, good sir—

Ali. *(picking up a stick.)* Give me the saddle at once, and take that—and that—and that. *He strikes the poor Woodcutter, who takes off the saddle. Ali carries the wood and the saddle into his shop).*

Woodcutter *(left alone).* Ah me! Ah me! what shall I do? *(Leans on donkey and thinks).* I know I will go the Caliph himself.

SCENE II

Time : One hour later.

Place : Caliph's Palace

Caliph *(to his courtiers).* Does any one wish to

see me this morning ?

Courtier (*coming forward*). No one of any importance, my lord. There is only a poor woodcutter at the door, who begs leave to come into your presence.

Caliph. Bid him enter. There is none too poor to be received by me.

(*Courtier goes out and returns with the Woodcutter who kneels and kisses the ground. Then he stands with arms folded*),

Calip. Tell me, good man, what has brought you here ? Has any one done you a wrong ?

Woodcutter Great wrong, my lord. The rich barber, Ali, bought a load of wood from me. He offered me five shekels for all the wood on my donkey's back, I gave him the load of wood, but when I asked for the money, he refused to pay me unless I gave him my *pack-saddle*. He said the bargain was, "All the wood on the donkey," and the saddle was made of wood. He threatened to send me to prison if I did not give him the saddle. Then he took the saddle and drove me away with blows.

Courtiers, Unjust ! Unjust !

Caliph Wait a moment. This is a strange tale. The barber has law on his side, and yet the woodcutter has right on his. The law must be obeyed. But come nearer, Woodcutter, and let me whisper a plan to you.

(The Caliph whispers, the Woodcutter listens smilingly, and bows low).

Woodcutter Thank you, thank you, for your good advice. *(He hurries out).*

Curtiers *(to each other.)* What can the plan be? The barber has law on his side, and Caliph ever upholds the law. Would that wicked barber might be punished!

SCENE III

Time : A few days later.

Place : The barber's Shop.

Ali. *(at his door)* Here comes the stupid woodcutter. I suppose he wants his saddle back. Well, I have paid him five shekels, and the saddle is mine. That was a good bargain. *(He chuckles)*

Woodcutter. Good day to you, Ali.

Ali. Good day. Good day. Now don't ask for your saddle. I have no time to waste in arguing.

Woodcutter. No, no I won't ask for my saddle. A bargain is a bargain—but will you be so kind as to shave me and a friend of mine from the country?

Ali (*surprised*). Well. I suppose so, if you pay it.

Woodcutter. How much will you charge for both?

Ali I will shave you both for two shekels,
(*Aside*) The poor fish cannot pay that sum.

Woodcutter. That is a bargain then. Here are your two shekels.

(*The Barber takes them in surprise*)

Ali Now sit down, and I'll shave you. I have no time to waste (**Woodcutter sits down and Ali shaves him**). Now you are shaved. Where is your friend?

Woodcutter He is just outside. I will bring him in at once. (*He goes up the road and returns, leading his donkey*). Here is my friend, the donkey. Shave him.

Ali (*in a rage*) Shave him! shave a donkey! No, indeed. Is it not enough that I should lower myself by touching you? And then you insult

me by asking me to shave your donkey! Away with you! Away with you! (He drives the WOODCUTTER and his donkey down the street).

SCENE IV

Time : Half an hour late.

Place : Caliph's palace.

(Caliph seated with all his COURTIERs around.
Enter the Woodcutter).

Caliph. well, my friend, did you do as I told you?

Woodcutter. Yes, and Ali refused to shave my donkey.

Caliph (to courtier) Bid Ali come to me at once, and bring his razors with him.

Courtier. I do your bidding. (Courtier goes out and returns with Ali).

Caliph Why did you refuse to shave this man's friend? Was not that your agreement? Was not that your bargain?

Ali (kissing the ground). It is true, O Caliph, that such was the agreement, but who every heard of calling a donkey a friend?

Caliph. True enough, but who ever heard of a pack-saddle being part of a load of wood ? No, no, it is the woodcutter's turn now. you took his saddle, now shave his donkey instantly. (*The donkey is led up to Ali and everybody laughs*).

Ali. No, no, I cannot shave a donkey, I will give back the pack-saddle—I will give back the two shekels I cannot shave a donkey. Let me go, Let me go. (*All laugh*).

Caliph. What shall we do ? Let him go ?

Woodcutter. (*coming up to his donkey*). Let him go—I do not want my friend shaved. (*Every one laughs*).

Caliph. (*sternly*). Now Ali, remember; you give back to this honest woodcutter his saddle, you give back his two shekels. Go in future be a better and wiser man.

(*Ali slinks out. Caliph turns to the Woodcutter*). Here, my honest woodcutter, here is a purse of gold for you. Always remember that the **Caliph** gladly listens to the complaints of his people, poor and rich, and will right their wrongs if he can.

Woodcutter. Long live the Caliph !

Courtiers. Long live the Caliph !

Notes

<i>Shekel</i>	: a silver coin
<i>Pack-saddle</i>	: Saddle for packs.
<i>bargain</i>	: agreement in business; transaction.
<i>"and take that and that"</i>	: he beats him.
<i>Caliph</i>	: any successor of the Prophet of Islam ; chief civil and religious ruler.
<i>Chuckles</i>	: laughs in a suppressed manner; laughs with closed mouth.
<i>the Poor fish</i>	: (contemptuously) poor fellow.
<i>lower my self</i>	: degrade myself ; disgrace myself.
<i>instantly</i>	: at once; immediately.
<i>sternly</i>	: severely; rigidly.
<i>slinks out</i>	: goes in a secretive, guilty and sneaking manner.

Questions

1. What was the plan the Caliph whispered to the Woodcutter ?
2. What does the Caliph mean when he says, the barbar has law on his side and yet the Woodcutter right on his ?
3. How did the woodcutter lose his *pack-saddle* ?
4. Narrate the story in simple words,
5. How did the barber pay for his cunning ?

Language Study

1. Make adjectives from :—
lower, height, tale, enlarge, belittle.
2. Write, sentences to distinguish between the following
to come up and to come up with; to lead

up to and to lead; in future and in the future ;
refuse and deny; access and excess; rent and hire;
pray and prey.

3. Rewrite the following in the Passive voice.
- a) Ali beat the Woodcutter.
 - b) He offered the woodcutter five shekels for all the wood on the donkey's back.
 - b) The Caliph gladly listened to the complaints of his people,
 - d) Ali gave back the pack - saddle.
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PART II
SNIPPETS
from
Realms of Gold

CRUSOE'S FIRST HABITATION

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck, as indeed divers pieces of her afterwards did ; but those things were of small use to me.

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make, whether I should make me a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth; and, in short, I resolved upon both, the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give on account of.

I soon found the place, I was in, was not fit for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low moorish ground near the sea, and I believed it would not be wholesome ; and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it. So, I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation, which I found would be proper for me. First health and fresh water. I just now mentioned; secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun; thirdly security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts; fourthly a view to the sea, that if God sent any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock, there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of a green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long; and lay like a green before my door; and, at the end of it, descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the N. N. W. side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending. In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then, I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship and laid them in rows, one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of the stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes, in the inside leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post ; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labour especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be no by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top ; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted

over after me, and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world and, consequently, slept secure in the night which otherwise, I could not have done; though, as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labour, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition and stores, of which you have the account above; and I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, *viz*; one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost part of it with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails. And, now, I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions, and everything that would spoil by the wet; and having, thus, enclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance, which, till now, I had left open, and so passed, and repassed, as I

said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock ; and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent. I laid them up within my fence, in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half ; and thus, I made me a cave, just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labour and many days before all these things were brought to perfection and, therefore. I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened, after I had laid my scheme for the setting up my tent and making the cave, that a storm of rain, falling from a thick dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that, a great clap of thunder, as is naturally the effect of it. I was not so much surprised with the lightning as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself. O, my powder ! My very heart sank within me when I thought that, at one blast, all my powder might be destroyed, on which not my defence only, but the providing me food, as I thought

entirely depended I was nothing near so anxious about my own danger; thought had the powder took fire, I had never known who had hurt me.

Such impression did this make upon me that, after the storm was over, I laid aside all my work, my building and fortifying, and applied myself to make bags and boxes to separate the powder and kept it a little and a little in a parcel, in hope that whatever might come, it might not all take fire at once, and to keep it so apart that it should not be possible to make one part fire another. I finished this work in about a fortnight, and I think my powder, which in all was about 240 lb. weight, was divided in not less than a hundred parcels. As to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that : so I placed it in my new cave, which , in my fancy, I called my kitchen, and the rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

In the interval of time, while this was doing, I went out once, at least, every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to

see if I could kill anything fit for food, and as near as I could to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out, I presently discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me ; but, then it was attended with this misfortune to me, viz., that they were shy, so subtle and so swift of foot that it was the difficultest thing in the world to come at them. But I might now and then shoot one, as it soon happened; for after I had found their haunts a little, I laid wait in this manner for them. I observed, if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright ; but, if they were feeding in the valleys and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me, whence I concluded that, by the position of their optics, their sight was so directed downward that they did not readily see objects that were above them. So, afterwards, I took this method : I always climbed the rocks, first to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark. The first shoat I made among these creatures, I killed a she-got which had a little kid by her, which she gave suck to, which grieved me heartily ; but, when the old

one fell, the kid stood stock-still by her, till I came and took her up; and not only so, but when I carried the old one with me upon shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure; upon which I laid down the dam, took the kid in my arms and carried it over my pale, in hopes to have bread it up tame; but it would not eat, so I was forced to kill it and eat it myself. These two supplied me with flesh a great while, for I ate sparingly, and saved my provisions, my bread especially, as much as possibly I could.

Having now fixed my habitation I found it absolutely necessary to provide a place to make a fire in, and fuel to burn; and what I did for that, as also how I enlarged my cave, and what conveniences I made, I shall give a full account of it in its place,

Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*

Notes

- moorish ground* : waste ground covered with heather.
ravenous : voracious; hungry.
deliverance : liberty ; freedom.
banish all my expectation : gave up all hope.
piles : pointed stake or post.
fortified : defended ; safe on account of the strengthened structure.

<i>tarpaulin</i>	: Waterproof cloth of tarred canvas
<i>would spoil</i>	: would be spoiled.
<i>to bring to perfection</i>	: to complete.
<i>while this was doing</i>	: while this being done.
<i>to come at them:</i>	to reach them; catch up with them.
<i>laid wait</i>	: I waited.
<i>optics</i>	: eyes.
<i>habitation</i>	: abode; place to live in.

Questions

1. How did Crusoe fix his habitation ?
2. What was his next concern after he fixed his habitation?
3. How did Crusoe kill the she-goat ? Do you justify his killing the kid ?

Language Study

1. Rewrite the following sentences in your own words .—
 - (a) I concluded that, by the position of their optics, their sight was so directed downward that they did not readily see objects that were above them.
 - (b) [I] took the kid in my arms and carried it over my pale, in hopes to have bread it up tame.
 - (c) In the interval of time, while this was doing, I went once, at least, every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to see if I could kill anything fit for food and as near as I could to acquaint myself with what the island produced.
2. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the last but one para of this piece.
3. Give the opposite gender of the following words :-
She-got, sheep, widow, colt, stag, husband madam, aunt viceroy, lad, fox, duke, hero, hunter, peacock

ESCAPE FROM FAMINE

Wang Lung has taken his wife and young family to the south of China ; farther north there was widespread famine. They had sacrificed everything to keep alive, even the faithful ox that did their ploughing. Even so, one of the children died. Here in the south there was food. The old man is Wang Lung's father ; the Chinese venerate their parents. Wang Lung finds work pulling a rickshaw until such times as he can return north to his lands resume farming. He loved the good earth. To leave it to travel for south, to change his whole mode of life, was adventure enough for him. Later he was able to return home, to farm successfully, and to become rich.

WITH his two pieces of silver Wang Lung paid for a hundred miles of road, and the officer who took his silver from him gave back a handful of copper pence, and with a few of these Wang Lung bought from a vendor who thrust his tray of wares in at a hole in the wagon as soon as it stopped, four small

loaves of bread and bowl of soft rice for the girl. It was more than they had to eat at one time for many days, and although they were starved for food. when it was in their mouths desire left them and it was only by coaxing that the boys could be made to swallow. But the old man sucked perseveringly at the bread between his toothless gums.

"One must eat," he cackled forth, very friendly to all who pressed about him as the fire wagon rolled and rocked on its way. "I do not care that my foolish belly is grown lazy after all these days of little to do. It must be fed. I will not die because it does not wish to work." And men laughed suddenly at the smiling of wizened, little old man, whose sparse white beard was scattered all over his chin.

But not all the copper pence did Wang Lung spend on food. He kept back all he was able to buy mats to build a shed for them when they reached the south. There were men and women in the fire-wagon who had been south in other years ; some who went each year to the rich cities of the south to work and thus save the price of food. And Wang

Lung, when he had grown used to the wonder of where he was and to the astonishment of seeing the and whirl by the holes in the wagon, listened to what these men said. They spoke with loudness of wisdom where others are ignorant.

“First you must buy six mats,” said one, a man with coarse, hanging lips like a camel’s mouth. “These are two pence for one mat, if you are wise and do not act like a country bumpkin, in which case you will be charged three pence, which is more than is necessary, as I very well know. I cannot be fooled by the men in the southern cities, even if they are rich.” He wagged his head and looked about for admiration. Wang Lung listened anxiously.

“And then?” he urged. He sat squatting upon his haunches on the bottom of the wagon, which was, after all, only an empty room made of wood, with nothing to sit upon and the wind and the dust flying up through the cracks in the floor.

“Then,” said the man more loudly still, raising his voice above the din of the iron

wheels beneath them, "then you bind these together into a hut and then you go out to beg, first smearing yourself with mud and filth to make yourselves as piteous as you can".

Now Wang Lung had never in his life begged of any man and he disliked this notion of begging of strange people in the south.

"One must beg?" he repeated.

"Ah, indeed," said the coarse-mouthed man "but not untill you have eaten. These people in the south have so much rice that each morning you may go to a public kitchen and for a pency hold as much as you can beg comfortably and buy bean-curd and cabbage and garlic."

Wang Lung withdrew a little from the others and turned himself about to the wall and secretly with his hand in his girdle he counted out the pence he had left. There was enough for the rice and beyond that he had three pence left. It came over him with comfort that thus they could begin the new life. But the notion of holding up a bowl and begging of anyone who passed continued to distress him.

It was very well for the old man and for the children and even for the woman, but he had his two hands.

“Is there no work for a man’s hands?” he asked of the man suddenly, turning about.

“Aye, work!” said the man with contempt, and he spat upon the flour, “You can pull a rich man in a yellow rickshaw if you like, and sweat your blood out with heat as you have your sweat freeze into a coat of ice on your when you stand waiting to be called. Give me begging!” And he cursed a round curse, so that Wang Lung would not ask anything of him further.

But still it was a good thing that he had heard what the man said, for when the fire-wagon had carried them as far as it would and had turned them out upon the ground, Wang Lung had ready a plan and he set the old man and the children against a long, grey wall of a house, which stood there, and he told the woman to watch them, and he went off to buy the mats, asking of this one and that where the market streets lay. At first he could scarcely understand what was said to him, so

brittle and sharp was the sound which these southerners made when they spoke, and several times when he asked and they did not understand, they were impatient, and he learned to observe what sort of man he asked of and to choose one with a kindlier face, for these southerners had tempers which were quick and easily ruffled.

But he found the mat shop at last on the edge of the city and he put his pennies down upon the counter as one who knew the price of the goods and he carried away his roll of mats. When he returned to the spot where he had left the others, they stood there waiting, although when he came the boys cried out at him in relief, and he saw that they had been filled with terror in this strange place. Only the old man watched everything with pleasure and astonishment and he murmured at Wang Lung :

“You see how fat they all are, these southerners, and how pale and oily are their skins. They eat pork every day, doubtless”.

But none who passed looked at Wang Lung and his family. Men came and went along the cobbled highway of the city, busy and intent and never glancing aside at beggars,

and every little while a caravan of donkeys came pattering by, their small feet fitting neatly to the stones, and they were laden with baskets of bricks for the building of houses and with great bags of grain crossed upon their swaying backs. At the end of each caravan the driver rode on the hindermost beast, and he carried a great whip, and this whip he cracked with a terrific noise over the backs of the beasts, shouting as he did so. And as he passed Wang Lung, each driver gave him a scornful and haughty look, and no price could have looked more haughty than these drivers in their rough work coats as they passed by the small group of persons, standing wondering at the edge of the roadway. It was the especial pleasure of each driver, seeing how strange Wang Lung and his family were, to crack his whip just as he passed them, and the sharp explosive cut of the air made them leap up and seeing them leap the drivers guffawed, and Wang Lung was angry when this happened two and three times and he turned away to see where he could put his hut.

There were already other huts clinging to the wall behind them, but what was inside the

wall none knew and there was no way of knowing. It stretched out long and grey and very high, and against the base the small mat sheds clung like fleas to dog's back. Wang Lung observed the huts and he began to shape his own mats this way and that, but they were stiff and clumsy things at best, being made of split reeds and he despaired, when suddenly O-lan said.

“That I can do,” I remember it in my childhood”.

And she placed the girl upon the ground and pulled the mats thus, and shaped a round roof reaching to the ground and high enough for a man to sit under and not strike the top, and upon the edges of the mats that were upon the ground she placed bricks that were lying about and she set the boys to picking up more bricks. When it was finished they went within and with one mat she had contrived not to use they made a floor and sat down and were sheltered.

Sitting thus and looking at each other, it seemed less than possible that the day before they had left their own house and their land

and that these were now a hundred miles away. It was a distance vast enough to have taken them weeks of walking and at which they must have died, some of them, before it was done.

Then the general feeling of plenty in this rich land, where no one seemed even hungered, filled them and when Wang Lung said, "Let us go and seek the public kitchens," they rose up almost cheerfully and went out once more, and this time the small boys clattered their chopsticks against their bowls as they walked, for there would soon be something to put into them. And they found soon why the huts were built to that long wall, for a short distance beyond the northern end of it was a street and along the street many people walked carrying bowls and buckets and vessels of tin, all empty and these persons were going to the kitchens for the poor which were at that end of the street and not far away. And so Wang Lung and his family mingled with these others and with them they came at last to two great buildings made of mats, and every one crowded into the open end of these buildings.

Now in the rear of each building were earthen stoves, but larger than Wang Lung had ever seen, and on them iron cauldrons as big as small ponds; and when the great wooden lids were pried up, there was the good white rice bubbling and boiling, and clouds of fragrant steam rose up. Now when the people smelled this fragrance of rice it was the sweetest thing in the world to their nostrils, and they all pressed forward in a great mass and people called out and mothers shouted in anger and fear lest their children be trodden upon and little babies cried, and the men who opened cauldron roared forth.

“Now there is enough for every man and each in his turn!”

But nothing could stop the mass of hungry men and women and they fought like beasts until all were fed. Wang Lung, caught in their midst, could do nothing but cling to his father and his two sons and when he was swept to the great cauldron he held out his bowl and, when it was all he could do to stand sturdily and not be swept on before the thing was done.

Then, when they had come to the the street again and stood eating their rice, he ate and

was filled and there was a little left in his bowl, and he said :

“I will take this home to eat in the evening.”

But a man stood near who was some sort of a guard of the place for he wore a special garment of blue and red, and he said sharply :

“No, and you can take nothing away except what is in your belly.” And Wang Lung marvelled at this and said :

“Well, if I have paid my penny what business is it of yours if I carry it within or without me ?”

The man said then :

“We must have this rule, for there are those whose hearts are so hard that they will come and buy this rice that is given for the poor—for a penny will not feed any man like this—and they will carry the rice home to feed their pigs for slop. And the rice is for men and not for pigs.”

Wang Lung listened to this in astonishment and he cried :

“Are there men as hard as this !” And then he said, “But why should any give like this to the poor, and who is it that gives ?”

The man answered then :

“It is the rich and the gentry of the town who do it, and some do it for a good deed for the future, that by saving lives they may get merit in heaven, and some do it for righteousness that men may speak well of them.”

“Nevertheless it is good deed for whatever reason”, said Wang Lung, “and some must do it out of a good heart.” And then seeing that the man did not answer him, he added in his own defence, “At least there are a few of these ?”

But the man was weary of speaking with him and he turned his back, and he hummed an idle tune. The children tugged at Wang Lung then, and Wang Lung led them all back to the hut they had made, and there they laid themselves down and they slept until the next morning for it was the first time since summer they had been filled with food, and sleep overcame them with fulness.

Pearl S. Buck, *The Good Earth*.

Notes

Pearl S. Buck (b) (26 June 1892) novelist, was born at Hillsboro, West Virginia, but was taken to China at an early age and educated at a boarding school in Shanghai. In 1917 she married Dr. J. L. Buck, a missionary. They lived first in North China, then in Nanking. Her works include *Sons*, *Dragon seed*, *Peony*, *The child who never grew*, *The Hidden Flower*. *My several worlds* and a number of books for children.

The *Good Earth*, the greatest of her Chinese novels, from which this extract is taken, won the Pulitzer Prize and the Howells Medal of the American Academy of Art and Letters, and led ultimately to her receiving the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1938.

<i>Vendor</i>	: one who offers for sale.
<i>Coaxing</i>	: persuading by fondling or flattery ; inducing.
<i>Cackled</i>	: and softly ; sound like that of a hen or a goose.
<i>Wizened</i>	. dried up ; thin ; shrivelled.
<i>Firewagon</i>	: railway train.
<i>The Old man</i>	: Wang Lung's father.
<i>Perseveringly</i>	: persistently ; constantly.
<i>Whirl</i>	: rush in the opposite direction.
<i>Loudness of wisdom</i>	: with confidence.
<i>Country bumpkin</i>	: clumsy rustic.
<i>Squatting</i>	: sitting cross-legged.
<i>Haunches</i>	: the fleshly part of hip and buttock.
<i>Din</i>	: noise.
<i>Ruffled</i>	: upset.

<i>Cobbled</i>	: covered with stone
<i>Smearing</i>	: overspreading ; daubing ; covering.
<i>Sturdily</i>	: firmly.
<i>Tugged</i>	: pulled.
<i>Guffawed</i>	: laughed loudly.
<i>Chopsticks</i>	: the Chinese eat their food with chopsticks.
<i>Slop</i>	: liquid food.

Questions

1. From your reading of *Escape From Famine*, discuss briefly the following aspects of life in China :—
means of transport, means of trading, arts and crafts, communal feeding, and charity.
2. How did Wang Lung spend the first day in the south?
3. How was O-lad helpful to her husband?
4. Was Wang Lung different from the man with the hanging lips? Why did he not like to beg?
5. How was Wang Lung treated in the south?

Language Study

1. Mark the simplicity of the writer's vocabulary. It is suitable for a tale of peasant folk. A number of sentences begin with *And* or *But*, perhaps because this is suggestive of the slow thoughts of peasants who think out one idea at a time, then pause before adding an additional thought, which to them, is of such weight as to need an additional sentence. Find examples to illustrate both of these ideas.
2. Note the pleasing grace of some of the expressions
 - (a) their small feet fitting nearly to the stones.
 - (b) and sleep overcame them with fulness.
 In what ways may these expressions be considered picturesque?

3. Change the following into the Indirect form :—

(a) “One must eat,” he cackled forth. “I do not care that my foolish belly is grown lazy after these days of little to do. It must be fed. I will not die because it does not wish to work.”

(b) The man said sharply ; “No, and you can take nothing away except what is in your belly”.

(c) Wang Lung marvelled at this and said ; “Well, if I have paid my penny what bussiness is it of yours if I carry it within or without me ?

4. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following :-

(a) “It is the rich and the gentry of the town who do it, and some do it for a good deed for the future, that by saving lives thay may get merit in heaven, and some do it for righteousness that men may speak well of them.”

(b) “But the man was weary of speaking with him and he turned..... with fulness”

(the last para)

UNCLE PODGER HANGS A PICTURE

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the framemaker's, and be standing in the dinning room, waiting to be put up ; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say.

“Oh, you leave that to me. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. I'll do all that.”

And, then, he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for six penny worth of rails, and one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down and start the whole house.

“Now you go and get me my hammer, Wil !” he would shout; “and bring me the rule Tom: and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchenchair. too; and Jim ! you run round to Mr. Goggles and tell him,

“Pa’s king regards, and hopes his legs’ better ; and will he lend him his spirit-level ?” And don’t you go; Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light : and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom ?—Where’s Tom?—Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture.”

And, then, he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and, then, he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He would not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools and start looking for his coat; while he would dance round and hinder them.

“Doesn’t anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in [all my life. Six of you—and you can’t find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago ! Well, of all the....”

Then, he'd get up and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out :

“Oh, you can give it up ; I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it”.

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair and candle had been brought, he would have another go : the whole family including the girl and the charwoman. standing round in a semi-circle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail and drop it.

“There !” he would say, in an injured tone. “now the nail is gone;”

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last ; but,

by that time he would have lost the hammer.

“Where’s the hammer ? What did I do with the hammer ? Great heavens ! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don’t know what I did with the hammer !”

We would find the hammer for him ; and then, he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each see if we could find it ; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule and remeasure and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighth inches from the corner, and would dry to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time ; and, at the critical moment, when the old fool was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to

reach, the string would slip, and down the would slide on the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that he would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh ! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I like doing a little job of this sort".

And, then, he would have another try ; and, at the second blow the nail would go

clean through the plaster and half the hammer after it and Uncle Prodger be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then he had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up—very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched except Uncle Podger.

‘There you are,’ he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman’s corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride “Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that.’

Jerome K. Jerome, *Three men in a boat*

Notes

- commotion* : tumult ; stire ; bustle.
Pa's ; your father's.
spirit-level ; glass tube partly filled with spirit for testing horizontality.
to leave off ; stop working at a particular point.
hinder ; Prevent.
tying up : bandaging.
have another go: have another try ; attempt again.

- charwoman* : woman hired by the day or hour for house-work.
- grovel for it* ; to crawl for it.
- gaping round* : gaze curiously ; stare with open mouth.
- sneer at* : to laugh at; to utter derisive words ; to smile derisively.
- row* : disturbance ; noise.
- have another try*: make another attempt.
- precipitated* ; thrown down headlong

Questions

1. Give in your own words a brief account of Uncle Podger's clumsiness in hanging picture.
2. What particular event associated with the hanging of a picture does appear to you most comic ?
3. What does Aunt Maria mean when she says that next time she would rather spend a week with her mother if Uncle Podger lets her know his intention of hammering a nail into the wall ?
4. Compare this piece to *Crusoe's First Habitation* in point of language. Which one of these two pieces contains words never to English actually spoken ?

Language Study

1. Fill in the blanks in the following sentences :—
 - (a) At last, Uncle Podger will get the spot—again and put the point—the nail—it—his left hand.
 - (b) And, then he would have another—: and—second blow,, the nail would go—through the plaster.
 - (c) The wall—yards round looked—if it had been smoothed—with a racke.

2. Use the following words and phrases in your own sentences :-
up and down, take off, to gape round, to sneer at, to grovel for, to leave off, to have another try.
3. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following passages :
- (a) "He would use a bit of string.... all the notes at the same time." (Para 16)
- (b) "You never saw such a commotion up and down and uncle Podger would say" (Para 1)
-

VINOBA AND HIS MISSION

India is a land of miracles, and strange are the shapes in which miracles come. In Hinduism's holiest book, the Gita, the Lord Krishna says, "Whenever there is decay of righteousness and exaltation of unrighteousness; then I myself come forth ; for the protection of the good, for the destruction of evildoers, for the sake of firmly established righteousness, I am born from age to age."

When Gandhi came, despite all his denials that he was a Mahatma, the people believed that the Lord had come again to work in the world. And now just when frustration and despair were spreading among the people, a frail old disciple of Gandhi is applying the Mahatma's principles of non-violence and truth to the solution of the problem of land.

When Vinoba Bhave left his father's home thirty years ago, he was supposed to go to college to become a chemical engineer, but the tales of the Maharashtrian saints which his mother had told him led him instead to

Benaras, and finally to Gandhi's ashram. There he became an obscure but dedicated disciple, practising chastity, poverty and "bread labour."

To identify himself completely with the village India, Vinoba established his own little ashram near Sevagram where he sought to prove that he and his followers could live adequately on less than one acre of land apiece. In the 1940 campaign of individual disobedience to British law, Gandhi picked the unknown Vinoba to be the "satyagrahi number one," that is to be the first to invite a prison term.

In 1951, the Gandian workers asked him to attend a conference in Hyderabad of the so-called movement for "Sarvodaya, the rising of all." Instead of the easy over-night train ride, Vinoba travelled the several hundred miles on foot, village by village. He was struck by the grave needs of the landless and the insufficiency of the new land legislation.

In Hyderabad he decided to tour the Telingana area where, as we have seen, in 1948 a thousand or so villages under the Communists had risen violently and been violently suppressed. On April 18, in Nalgonda district,

a party of untouchables pleaded with him for land. If they were not to get land the bitter, bloody way of the Communists, how were they to get it ?

He assembled the whole village, asked those who had to give it to the landless, and incredibly they did.

Thus was born the idea of *Bhoomi-dan Yajna*, "Worship through the Sharing of Land", in short, *Bhoodan*—"land gift". From then on, to every village audience Vinoba would make this plea : "If you have four sons and a fifth is born, you would certainly give him his share. Treat me as your fifth son, and give me my share."

By the time he reached home from Hyderabad, he had collected and distributed twelve thousand acres, and soon the news came that his followers in Telingana had collected thirty-five thousand acres there. Vinoba now vowed to place his idea before the whole people of India.

Nehru asked Vinoba to come to Delhi to discuss the land problem with India's National Planning Commission, and offered to send a plane down for him. "I will come", Vinoba

replied, "but in my own time, and as always." He went on foot the whole 795 miles. It was a triumphant two month's tour, with arches of palms and mango leaves erected for him to walk under in nearly every village and town. On the way he collected another eighteen thousand acres.

In Delhi he stayed in bamboo hut near Gandhi's cremation spot, to which Nehru came, several times, and the Planning Commission and the President of India, who told him to take as much of the Prasad family lands in Bihar as he wanted.

He was in the capital for only eleven days before returning to his village mission. It was during our first weeks in India and Steb went to one of his open air prayer meetings at the Gandhi memorial. It began with the singing of the Lord's prayer in Hindustani. She came home amazed that this frail little man of eightysix pounds and fifty-seven years, with malaria and duodenal ulcers, could endure walking fifteen miles a day. She described his gray beard, his bifocal glasses resembling Gandhi's and his friendly quiet voice. He spoke

in Hindustani but is a master of English, as well as French, Persian, Sanskrit and a half dozen Indian languages. He eats only two cups of yogurt daily, with a little honey. When Steb left just before sundown, Nehru was arriving for consultation.

From Delhi Vinoba walked down the Ganges through the state of Uttar Pradesh to the state of Bihar. In U. P. he suggested to volunteers that they set as their first aim the settling of one landless family on five acres in every one of U. P.'s tens of thousands of villages. By the time he left, 100,000 acres were contributed, and within a year his followers had secured the necessary half million acres.

He then set as his nation-wide goal the collection of fifty million acres by the end of 1956, or about one-fifth of India's cultivated acreage. As a first milestone, he set the figure of 2 million acres by April of 1954. By September, 1953, he was already the world's largest landlord, with over two million acres having been conveyed to him for redistribution. To get it, he had walked 6500 miles, the equivalent of a trip from Boston to Los Angeles and return by way of Florida.

In Bihar, he decided that he would submit

his programme to its strongest test. "I shall not leave this state until every landless family in Bihar has land to live on," he announced, setting his target for the state at three million acres, about one-fifth of the total cultivated land.

He established his headquarters in Gaya where Buddha received "enlightenment." Soon he had over six hundred volunteers walking through the villages, collecting land with him. In the Hazaribagh district of Bihar alone over 700,000 acres have already been received, contributed by more than 5000 donors.

Why are people giving their land to this extraordinary little ascetic? The Communists say that most of the gifts come from the areas where the landlords have been frightened by Communist activities, or from areas where land is the most plentiful. The facts belie this. About 90 per cent of the land so far collected comes from U. P. and Bihar, on the densely populated Gangetic plains, which so far have been almost untroubled by Communism. Only about fifty thousand acres have come from areas of Communist strength.

A wealthy young South Indian landowner

has given all his land and joined Vinoba, but he had no fear of communism. He had returned from studies in the United States with a determination to devote his life to the constructive service of the Indian people. One Maharaja has given 100,000 acres, but most of the gifts have been small.

“We have songs in the local dialects. We also cry in the villages. ‘The hungry masses are waiting—share your land and wealth,’ writes a lovely young Indian girl we know who is walking with Vinoba. ‘The rich people hear this cry and loosen their tight bundles a little, but they do not give with the same generosity as the small land-holders. We always go to the smaller people first and the rich are shamed into giving.’”

Of course, many motives are at work, and the force of public opinion is a crucial factor. “The God who is distributing land has come!” shout the emaciated peasants. “The Son of Gandhi,” cry others. and the resulting pressures for action are very great.

“Everyone prays when Vinoba enters a district,” is a current joke. The poor man

prays that he will come to his village, and the rich man prays that he will go around his village. Since he can only stop for collection at two or three villages a day, at the most, and must walk by the others, the owners have a gambling chance. Some seek out Vinoba, however, and one day a small landowner walked twenty-eight miles to give one acre.

If Vinoba visits a village, the landowners face a dilemma. "How much can we afford to give? How little can we afford not to give?" One of the volunteers described how the large landowners in a village would huddle together, watching to see how much the small holders give, comparing how much the previous village had given, wondering what the next village will do. If they are too stingy they lose prestige in the district.

There is no doubt that Bhoodan has caught the imagination of the Indian villagers. All parties, except the Communists, are vying with each other in their support of Vinoba. Both the Congress and Praja Socialist parties have asked their members to heed Vinoba's call for volunteers to devote a full year to collection.

The Socialist leader, Jayaprakash Narayan,

had himself vowed to spend at least the next full year on Bhodan, and he is now collecting almost as much land as Vinoba. In one village all the land was contributed to him, so that a complete redistribution with consolidation of holding was possible,

“What a misfortune it would be if we did not recognize the revolution that is taking place to-day all round us like the unfortunate devoted who did not recognize God when He appeared before him,” Jayaprakash told the conference of Bhodan workers. “That is why I ask all the young people of this country to give up their schools and colleges and take part in this great revolution.”

Meanwhile the Communists sulk, saying that Vinoba is forestalling the real revolution. “The Communists may still feel unconvinced and dub me a simpleton.” Vinoba replies, “but let me tell them that I know my trade.” He says that he will not consider his movement successful until he has converted the Communists and received their co-operation. Members of his party are especially urged to sell Gandhian literature to the Communists, who always stand uncertainly on the outskirts of the meetings.

“Do you really believe in your ideology?” Vinoba asks such Communists. If so “why not come in the daytime instead of by night? If you want to loot the people, loot as I do, with sincerity and affection.”

Vinoba does not expect his way to achieve full social revolution by itself. Legislation is also required. Communists, he says, “begin with murder and want to bring in legislation at the end, but I want to begin with pity and kindness. My aim is to bring about a three-fold revolution. Firstly, I want a change in people’s hearts; secondly, I want to create a change in their lives; and thirdly, I want to change the social structure,” If “looting with affection” succeeds, Vinoba has no fear of communism. “A thirsty man, if he can get good clean water, will not touch dirty water,” he says.

To those who began urging him to take a leading office in the government and carry out his programme by law, he replied, “when two bullocks are already yoked to a cart, what use is a third bullock to the cart? The greatest help I can render is to prepare the road so that the cart can move in the right direction.

“I do not stand in the way of legislation. If I get only 50 per-cent success in the programme I have adopted, it will make legislation easierI want to build up and we must build up the power of the people ... I shall dance with joy if it (land reform) is done entirely through the power of the people, But I shall be satisfied if it is done mainly through the power of the people.”

One can hope that, as Vinoba's efforts spread, the power of the people will force the swift enactment of the long overdue land reform laws. Then all the creative energy, now of necessity going into Bhoodan, can go into the reconstruction of the country.

Thus it may be that Vinoba will accomplish far more than he imagines. He may have struck the spark which relights the Gandhian force in Indian life. With Gandhi's death, Gandhism seemed almost to go through a prism, and come out refracted in a dozen different directions. On one beam was the Prime Minister, on another were the patient dedicated Gandhian workers, on another were the Socialists. And now Vinoba, if his frail physique can stand the continuing strain, may bring all these

together. He has certainly picked the paramount issue in India, on which to prove the continuing validity of the Gandhian way.

—Chester Bowles, *Ambassador's Report*.

Notes

- Vinoba* : Vinoba Bhave, born 1895, in Kathiwar, is one of the most trusted disciples of Gandhiji. He is touring India, collecting land from those who have land and distributing among the landless.
- "bread labour"* : labour on the land that produces food.
- identify* : associate
- legislation* : a set of laws and rules.
- plea* : argument
- steb* : nick name of Mr. Bowles. Mr. Chester Bowles, the author, was the U. S. Ambassador to India.
- duodenal ulcers* : sores in the upper part of the intestines.
- bifocal* : having two foci (especially) if combined distant and near vision spectacles).
- yogurt* : a sour fermentel doquor made from milk ; *matha* ; it means also sour milk called *Dahi*.
- Bostom* : capital of the state, of Massachusetts in U. S. A.
- Los Angeles* : a city in California, U. S. A.
- Florida* : a state in the south-east U. S. A.
- target* : object aimed at.
- belie* : prove wrong.
- loose their tight*

- bundles a little* : Give only a small portion of their jealously property.
- ematiated* : weak ; living in poverty.
- dilemma* ; a situation in which one has to choose between two evils.
- consoldation of holdings* : bringing together the scattered plots belonging to a landowner by exchanging them with others.
- why not come night ?* : Why not adopt open methods instead of secret ones.
- murder* : murder of the rich.
- stingy* : miserly.
- sulk* : resent it; dissociate from it on account of resentment.
- a third bullock* : Vinoba will be like a third or superfluous bullock in the cart of the adminstration of the country.
- prism* : a solid figure of glass which breaks up light into rays.

Questions

1. Do you agree with the communist view that the *Bhoodan* movement succeeds because the landlords, who give away land, are frightened by communist activities ?
2. Discuss the following passage in your own words :
 "Do you really believe in your ideology ?" Vinoba asks such communists. If so " why not come in the daytime instead of by night ? If you want to loot the people, loot as I do, with sincerity and affection.

3. In what sense is the Bhoodan movement a revolution ?
4. What do you understand by Sarvodaya ?

Language Study

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :-
belie, dilemma, ematiated, plea, identify, sulk (as a verb), stingy.
2. Change the following sentences into their interrogative forms :-
 - (1) He eats only two cups of yogurt, with a honey.
 - (2) It began with the singing of the Lord's prayer in Hindustan.
 - (3) Vinoba now vowed to place his idea before the whole people of India.
 - (4) "If you have four sons and a fifth is born, you would certainly give him his share."
 - (5) Thus it may be that Vinoba will accomplish for more than he imagines.
3. Translate the following passages into a Modern Indian Language
 - (a) "What a misfortune it would be if we did not recognize God...revolution."
(Jayaprakash Narayan's statement at the Bhoodan conference).
 - (b) "Do you really believe in you ideology ?" Vinoba asks such communists. If so why not come in the daytime instead of by night ? If you want to loot the people, loot as I do, with sincerity and affection."

PART III.
SCIENCE

A VISIT TO THE MOON

Let us charter a rocket to take us to the moon so that we can actually walk on its surface.

our rocket must be shot off at a high speed—6·93 miles a second at least—for if it starts at any lesser speed it will merely fall back to earth, like the shot from an ordinary gun. If it starts with a speed of exactly 6·93 miles a second, it will just get clear of the earth's gravitational pull, but after it had got clear, it will have no appreciable speed left to carry us on our journey. Let us start with a speed of 7 miles a second, then it will still have a speed of 1 mile a second left after it has got clear of the earth's pull, and we shall reach the moon in a little over two days.

We only take a few seconds to pass through the earth's atmosphere, which is relatively hardly thicker than the thin skin of a plum or a peach. As we pass through this, we gradually leave beneath us all the particles of air, dust, water vapour and so on, which scatter the

sun's light and make the sky look blue. As the number of these particles decreases we see the sky assuming in turn the colours—blue, dark blue, dark violet and black-grey. Finally, we leave the earth's atmosphere beneath us and see the sky become jet black, except for the sun; moon and stars. These look brighter than they did from the earth, and also bluer because none of the blue light has been subtracted from them to make a blue sky. And the star no longer twinkle at us as they did on earth because there is no atmosphere to disturb the even flow of their light. They seem now to stab our eyes with sharp steely needles of light. If we look back at our earth, we shall see about half of its surface shrouded in mists, clouds and showers. But in front, the whole surface of the moon shines out perfectly clear; it has no atmosphere to scatter the sun's light, and no fogs and rains to obscure the illumination of its surface.

Naturally this clearness persists after we have arrived on the moon's surface, and far exceeds anything we have ever experienced on earth. Our atmosphere is the cause of the soft tones that add so much to a terrestrial landscape—the oranges and reds of sunrise and

Sunset, the purples and greens to twilight, the blue sky of full day, the purple haze of the distance. Here on the moon there is no atmosphere to break up the sun's rays into their different colours and distribute them—the blue to the sky, the red to dawn, and so on. There are only two colours—sunshine and shadow, white and shadow, white and black; everything in the sunshine is white, everything else is black. We feel as though we were in a cinema studio lighted only by one terribly powerful light—the sun. A valley stays utterly dark until the moment when the sun rises over the surrounding mountains; then full day comes, with all the suddenness of turning on an electric light.

It is clear that if we want to step out of our rocket and walk about on the moon, we must bring our own air with us; we shall need an oxygen apparatus, such as the climbers on Mount Everest had. We may perhaps think that the weight of this will make walking or climbing very arduous, but as soon as we set foot on the soil of the moon, we shall find that the contrary is the case. The moon contains less than an eightieth part of the substance of the earth, and so exerts a gravita-

tional pull which is much smaller than the earth's—in fact it is only about a sixth as great. For this reason, we find we can carry extraordinary weights without fatigue, and as our bodies seem to weigh almost nothing, we can jump to great heights. We feel so athletic that we may even try to break our own jumping records. It ought not to be difficult to break both our own and everybody else's ; a good high jumper ought to jump about thirty—six feet, and the long jump of a fair athlete ought to be at least 120 feet. If we feel inspired to play cricket, the ball will simply soar off our bat, so that if it is not to be entirely a bots man's game, the pitch and field must each be six times the size they are on earth. Unfortunately, all this will make the game six times as slow as on earth, and perhaps cricket, played six times as slowly as on earth, would not be much of a game after all.

If we fire a gun, our shot will travel a terrific distance before falling back to earth—or rather to moon. We remember the big guns which fired shells nearly eighty miles in the Great War: if similar guns were mounted on the moon, their projectiles would go right off into space and never return. We shall not

want to start setting big guns up on the moon, but we can produce the same effect with something much simpler—a breath of air from our breathing apparatus.

For we know that ordinary air consists of tiny particles; called molecules, which are incessantly jumping about—some quite slowly, the majority at about the speed of a rifle bullet, and a few at far higher speeds. Some move faster than any projectile which has ever been fired from a gun.

We had to start our rocket from earth with a speed of about 7 miles a second, in order that it might over-come the earth's gravitational pull, with any lower speed it would have merely fallen back to earth like a cricket ball. And a projectile of any other kind needs precisely the same speed if it is to get clear of the earth. Now it is only at very rare intervals that molecules of air attain a speed of 7 miles a second, so that they seldom jump right off the earth into space—this is why the earth retains its atmosphere. On the other hand, a projectile only needs a speed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second to jump entirely clear of the moon, and molecules of ordinary air frequently attain speeds as high

as this. We see at once that an atmosphere of air could not survive on the moon for long, since each molecule would jump off into space the moment it attained this critical speed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second.

Just because there is no atmosphere on the moon there can be no seas, rivers or water of any kind. We are accustomed to think of water as a liquid which does not boil away until it reaches a temperature of 212 degrees, but if ever we picnic high up on a mountain, we find out our mistake; we soon discover that water boils more easily and at a lower temperature there than on the plain below. The reason is that there is less weight of air to keep the molecules of the liquid pressed down, and so prevent them flying off by evaporation. If there were no air-pressure at all, the water would evaporate, no matter how low its temperature, and this is precisely what would happen on the moon. Clearly then we shall find no water on the moon; we must take drinking water with us, and it will not be well to pour it out and leave it standing if we do it will have disappeared by the time we want to drink it — its molecules will have danced off, one by one, into space.

Knowing that there is neither air nor water on the moon, we shall hardly expect to find men or animals. trees or flowers And in actual fact, the moon has been observed night after night and year after year for centuries, and no one has ever found any trace of forests,, vegetation or life of any kind. No. changes are detected beyond the alternations of light and of dark, of heat and of cold, as the sun rises and sets over the arid landscapes. The moon is a dead world just a vast reflector poised in space, like a great mirror reflecting the sun's beams down on to us.

James Jeans

Notes

(This is a fanciful description of a visit to the moon by Sir James Hopwood Jeans, O. M. (11 Sept: 1877—16 Sept. 1946).

charter : engage ; hire.

rocket : a projectile shot into the air.

earth's gravitational pull : the power of the earth to attract other bodies to itself.

scatter the sun's light : the waves of light, coming in contact with particles of dust and moisture floating in the atmosphere, are broken up. They produce various colours.

tones : shades of colour.

- terrestrial landscape* : the earth.
- cinema studio* : a large place in which actors perform in brilliant light before the camera
- oxygen apparatus* : this contrivance is meant to help oxygen go into thin air; it is carried on the back and connected to the nose by means of a tube.
- athletic* : sportsmanlike ; sportive.
- a batsman's game* : a game advantageous to the batsman.
- projectile* : what is missile ; something shot.
- 212 degrees* : boiling point of water on the Fahrenheit thermometer

Questions

1. How can you account for our seeing white and black colours on the surface of the moon ?
2. Explain why it is necessary for one to take one's own air and water in the event of one's landing on the moon ?
3. Discuss the difference between the earth and the moon in point of their gravitational pulls.
4. How far do the statements of Sir James Jeans tally with the facts revealed to us by the Russian Scientists?
5. Write a few paragraphs on a fanciful visit to the Mars

Language Study

1. (a) Complete the following sentences :—
 Not to speak of the moon....
 I am afraid lest the rockets.....
 How dare the Russians.....

(b) Change into passive voice :-

who do the Russians send rockets to the moon?

Examine the oxygen apparatus.

It is time that the blocs stopped the cold war.

(c) Give the antonyms of :-

decrease; finally; subtract; difficult; fast; appear

2. Translate the following into a Modern Indian Language :-

(a) "We only take a few seconds...of its surface."
(para 2)

(b) "If we fire a gun, our shot will travel. of its apparatus"
(para 6)

3. Punctuate :-

savitri said o yama powerfull lord you have
promised my husband and my self one hundred
sons how can this be if satyavan be not restored to
life I do not wish for heaven itself without my
husband give me o yama my husband back let
satyavan live once more.

WHAT MACHINERY DOES FOR MAN

I remember once hearing a lecturer speak of fatal inventions. He was not, however, referring to big guns or poison gas, but merely to the fact that all progress is bought at a cost. Inventions have, of course played havoc with old institutions and forced mankind from old beaten paths into new ways of doing things ; and there are among us some who are so conservative in their minds that they are full of regret for the old ways. There are, for instance, folk who tell you that there never was or will be any finer method of travelling than in light carriage behind a pair of high-stepping horses, and others who declare that there is no comparison between a great three-masted ship, heeling under a full press of canvas, and an ugly tramp steamer, driving through the waves with a long trail of sooty smoke hanging behind her.

There is a great deal of truth in such remarks, for certainly a pair of well-bred trotting horses are much more beautiful to look at than the first of modern motorcars, while, of

all things that man ever made, there certainly nothing more exquisite than a big sailing-ship running free before a fair wind.

Yet, on the other hand, the car will carry you farther and faster than all the horses in the world, and with greater comfort as well as speed ; while the steamer drives along with almost the certainty of a railway train, irrespective of storm or calm. And, so, we may well be grateful for the immense advantages which the present generation owes to the inventor and to those who are responsible for the marvellous mechanical devices which are a part of modern civilization

In order that you or I may live, we must have a sufficiency of food and of clothing, we must also have a roof to cover us, books from which to learn, and means for moving about from one place to another. Does it ever occur to you to compare our lot in these respects with those of our great grandparents? Only the other day, I was talking to an old peasant woman who, although she has lived all her life within fifty miles of London, has never seen the world's greatest city. A hundred years ago, as a rule, it was only the wealthy

people who ever travelled, and in any English village not three per cent of the people had ever visited any large town or, if they lived inland, seen the sea. Most people lived the lives of vegetables and were, in consequence, intensely ignorant and full of foolish superstitions.

Since the population was small and farming was the principal industry, food was fairly plentiful ; but clothes, and especially boots, were very dear and bad. There were no umbrellas or waterproofs, and if you had to go out in the rain you soaked. The houses of the poor were entirely without many of those things which, to-day are necessities. There was no proper water-supply or drainage. There were no cooking-ranges or carpets, there were hardly any books, while a single newspaper passed from hand to hand until it was worn out.

As for travelling, the rich drove in their carriages, the middle-class went by stage-coach or rode on horseback : but, for the poor the only alternative to walking was one of those slow, heavy wagons which averaged something less than three miles an hour or, with luck, a canal-boat.

Almost every article in common use was hand-made; and while hand made goods were, and are, strong and durable, they all took such a long time to make that they were naturally expensive. Take, for instance, such a necessity as a pair of boots. To make even the cheapest and commonest pair of men's boots took fifteen and a half hours of steady work. That is why such boots cost twenty to twenty-five shillings a pair at a time when the wages of the man who made them were only about three pence an hour. The invention of boot-making machinery enabled a man to make ten pairs of boots in the time previously taken to make one, with the result that boots can now be sold for less money, while, at the same time, working men are paid much better wages.

Turn to farm-implements and we find that at the beginning of the nineteenth century it took two hundred working hours to make fifty pitchforks. By 1865, just as many pitchforks were made by machinery in twelve hours. Not a cast-iron plough existed in the year 1800; the farmer's plough was made of wood, covered with a thin sheet of iron; seeds were scattered by hand, and the only way of keeping down the weeds was by hoe. The farmer used

the scythe or sickle for cutting his grain, and the flail for threshing it. Wheat was ground between two stones in a water or wind-mill. There are some parts of the world where these old-fashioned conditions still exist even to-day; but, in most countries, either steam ploughs or tractor-cultivators are used, and every operation, from sowing the seed to reaping and threshing, is done by machinery. In Western America, a harvester is used of which the cutting bar is thirty-five feet wide; it is drawn by an engine of fifty horse-power. Behind the harvester is trailed a thresher, into which the stalks of grain pass after being cut. The grain is separated from the chaff by means of a fan, and is automatically loaded into sacks, while the straw passes into a receptacle at back of the machine and is 'dumped' at regular intervals. The capacity of this machine is from a thousand to fifteen hundred sacks of grain a day, all cut, threshed, cleaned and sacked; and the result of this marvellous invention, or rather series of inventions is that the work of seven men is sufficient to grow enough wheat and thrash and grind it into flour to provide bread for a thousand persons.

When we come to the making of bread

we find that here, again, the inventor has been busy saving labour. Some years ago, there was shown at the Baker's and Confectioner's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall in London an electrically worked machine, weighing nearly two hundred tons, which was capable of making and baking two thousand four hundred loaves an hour. Eight men standing at the levers of this machine are able to do all the work,—and do it quite easily, but not one of them touches or handles the flour or dough. The flour is placed in a large compartment in which just sufficient water is added for the kneading of the dough. The dough, mixed by machinery, is tilled into a sort of wagon and runs down into the 'proving' room, where it lies for four hours and ferments.

When it has risen sufficiently, it is carried to a dividing machine which cuts it into pieces ; and these pieces traversing an endless band, are delivered to the moulder which shapes them into loaves. They, then, drop upon an electrically propelled rack and are swept into a gigantic oven, which bakes them to perfection in the brief space of forty-two minutes. Were it not for the machinery which many clever brains have invented, a loaf of white bread would to-day cost two or three times its present price.

Biscuits are made, like bread, by machinery. If you visit a biscuit-factory, you will see all the materials mixed by machinery. They are never once touched by the human hand ; and the way in which they are baked is very interesting. The biscuits, lying on a sort of endless band made of wire gauze, go into a very long oven, pass slowly through it without stopping, and come out at the other end perfectly baked.

Nearly all our food, especially the tinned and bottled goods which form so large a part of it are prepared by machinery. All our drinks are bottled by automatic machinery. There is a very cleverly made machine which seizes empty bottles, clutches each by the neck, and fills them at the rate of twenty-four thousand a day. Another machine corks bottles at the rate of three thousand an hour. Consider what an army of men it would take to do such work by hand-labour !

In the old days, all washing of clothes had to be done by hand, and the laundresses had to work very hard for very little money. But, visit a modern steam-laundry and you will see machinery that will wash and finish collars

and cuffs at the rate of two thousand an hour; that will wash two hundred shirts in the same time, and gloss and iron them at the rate of one every minute. There are even machines for marking linen, one of which does the work of six women.

Our ancestors were forced to light their houses with candles, for there was no other illuminant to be had. We still use candles; but these, instead of being made by hand by the old and very slow process of dipping, are moulded; and one machine, which a boy can attend to, makes seven thousand candles in an eight-hour day. The time saved by machinery in the making of matches is even more startling than that economized in the manufacture of candles, for the match-cutting machine cuts 6375 matches in the same space of time that a man could shape three matches by hand.

A hundred years ago, every nail used by the carpenter was hand-made, and whole towns were engaged in nail-making—men, women and children. It was not only cruelly hard work, but was one of the worst paid of all industries; and the nail-makers lived always on the edge of starvation. Then, the inventor set his brain

to work, with the result that we now have a machine which makes nails at the rate of a thousand a minute. The cruel old trade of nail-making by hand is now dead, and nails are cheaper and better than ever they used to be.

Bricks are still moulded by hand in some small out-of-the-way places, but the handmade brick cannot compete with the machine-made. The machine will mould thirty thousand bricks in ten hours, whereas the most skilled workman could not make even a tenth of the number in the same time. Bricks bring to mind clay and the digging of canals and harbours. Once upon a time, all this sort of work had to be done by handlabour, but then came the invention of the steam-navy. This machine will do the work of giant thirty feet high, armed with a seventeen-foot shovel. Even more wonderful is the dipper-dredge, so much used in cleaning mud out of harbours or deepening rivers and canals. Such a dredge has a crew of six men; and, on three tons of coal, digs from 1500 to 2000 tons of mud or slush in one working day. It can manoeuvre itself in any direction, dig foundations, lay concrete

blocks, raise wrecks, lift boulders and, as a proud owner once said, do almost everything except vote.

Formerly all painting was done by a brush held in a man's hand and dipped at intervals into a paint-pot. Small wonder, then, that painting was a slow and costly business. For industrial purposes the inventor found a better way; and, to-day, paint is sprayed on to the surface to be covered when it is a large one. For painting the hull of a battleship or the outside of a railway carriage, for example, this wonderfully time-saving method is in almost universal use. The paint mixed to the consistency of cream is held in a small steel tank connected with a reservoir containing compressed air. It comes out of a brass nozzle in a sort of fan-spray, and all that the operator has to do is to wave the nozzle to and fro. In this way, one man can do the work of seven, armed with brushes and paint pots.

In Chapter XI, some description has been given of the beginnings of printing by steam and of the wonders of typ-setting by machinery. Almost more uncanny than the Linotype or Monotype machines is a machine for folding, wrapping, and addressing magazines, which was

invented by Mr. George Livingston Richards, an American publisher. This automailing machine occupies a small room, yet does the work of a hundred people. Piles of newly printed magazines are fed in on one side of it and, a moment later, come out upon the far side, rolled, wrapped and addressed, rushing along an endless band and falling gently into their appointed sacks. The machine handles the magazines at the rate of several thousands an hour. Equally ingenious is a smaller piece of mechanism, about the size of a typewriter which 'licks' stamps and puts them on the packets at the rate of eight thousand an hour and, into the bargain, counts every stamp used.

We also have at our disposal the most marvellous calculating machines, each of which can dispose of problems in Arithmetic more swiftly than could half a dozen trained clerks while the results are always correct. All the great banks use calculating machine and, thereby, save the labour of extra clerks. One of these machines can take any money sum and almost instantly show its equivalent in the currency of another country, calculate to the existing rate of exchange; another can give the exact

interest upon any sum of money, for any length of time, at any desired rate.

Other interesting developments are : electric type-writers which are set to work by the merest touch on keys, typewriters which will write in a bound book, automatic cashiers which pay out and give change at a touch on a button, loud-speaking telephones which dispense with a receiver, and cheque-writers which work faster than a pen and make forgery impossible. The use of these and similar inventions results in business undertakings being managed with far greater ease, power and profit than formerly. Principals and clerks alike find their work simplified by skill of the inventor, and every year, sees fresh improvements in these methods.

There is no branch of human endeavour in which modern machinery is not able to save time and trouble. It is often complained that British coal-pits are ill-provided with modern machinery as compared with those in the United States. The nature of this disadvantage is plain when we are told that it takes a man a hundred and seventy-one hours to cut fifty

tons of coal by hand, whereas the same work can be done by one man with the aid of machinery in one-third of the time. In quarrying, the saving of time by the use of machinery is still more starting; for, whereas to drill by hand six two-inch holes twelve feet deep, in hard blue rock occupies a hundred and eighty hours, the same work, performed by machine, takes only eight hours.

The more rapidly work can be done, the more leisure there will be for the worker and we may look forward with some confidence to the time when instead of an eight-hour day, four hours will be sufficient to supply every one with all that he or she may need.

—T. C. Bridges

Notes

<i>fatal</i>	: deadly ; destructive ; causing death.
<i>at a cost</i>	: at a price.
<i>played havoc</i>	: caused so much destruction and disturbance,
<i>beaten paths</i>	: customary ways.
<i>conservative</i>	: those who are firmly fixed in the older way of life and resist change.
<i>exquisite</i>	: beautiful.
<i>soaked</i>	: wet all over.
<i>cast iron</i>	: made of iron.
<i>wire gauze</i>	: thin fabric of (silk, cotton or) wire.
<i>quarrying</i>	: making excavations.

Questions

1. Write three twelve-line paragraphs comparing our lot with that of our great grandparents who did not have the facilities that machinery has given us.
2. Discuss the immense advantages which our generation has over our ancestors in point of food, clothing, and shelter.
3. Describe how biscuits are made by machinery.
4. What new conditions have been made available to farmers by machinery?
5. Write notes on :- a modern steam-laundry, tinned and bottled goods and a modern match-factory.
6. Discuss, as briefly as you can, what machinery does for man in the understanding of what T. C. Bridges says on the subject.

Language Study

1. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following passages :-
 - (a) "Bricks are still moulded by hand...except vote" (para 16)
 - (b) "Yet, on the other hand, the car will go farther and faster.....modern civilization." (Para 3)
2. Fill in the blanks in the following sentences :-
 - (a) Does it ever occur—you—compare our lot—these respects—those—our grandparents?
 - (b) Biscuits are made like bread—machinery.
 - (c) The biscuits, lying—a sort of endless band made of wire gauze, go—a very long oven, pass slowly—it—stopping, and come—at the other end—baked.

3. Use the following parts of words in your sentences :—
House, home ; industrial, industrious ; lie, lay; clear,
clean.

4, Use as directed :-

‘Pen’ as noun and a verb.

‘Stone’ as a noun, a verb and an adjective.

‘Iron?’ as a noun. adjective and a verb.

PART IV.
FAMOUS LETTERS

LETTER TO HIS SON

My dear fellow,

You are now going to settle at school, and many consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent and I may not be with you, long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you and as something to remember me by. I may at least, be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else.

As we went along to your new place of destination, you often repeated that 'you durst say they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people,' meaning the people at the school. You were to blame in this. Always, my dear, believe things to be right till you find them the contrary; and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well as you can if you cannot alter them. You said 'you were sure you should not like school where you were going' This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But, you could not tell whether you should

like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Otherwise, your saying that you should not like it was determining that you would not like it. Never anticipate evils; nor, because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are through mere spite and wilfulness.

You seemed, at first, to take no notice of your school-fellows, or rather to set yourself against them, because they were strangers to you. They knew as little of you as you did of them; so that this would have been a reason for their keeping aloof from you as well, which you would have felt as a hardship. Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others, because you know nothing of them. It is bad reasoning and makes enemies of half the world. Do not think ill of them, till they behave ill to you; and, then, strive to avoid the faults which you see in them. This will disarm their hostility sooner than pique or resentment or complaint.

I thought you were disposed to criticize the dress of some of the boys as not so good as your own. Never despise any one for anything that he cannot help—least of all, for his poverty. I would wish you to keep up

appearance yourself as a defence against the idle sneers of the world, but I would not have you value yourself upon them. I hope you will neither be the dupe nor victim of vulgar prejudices. Instead of saying above—‘Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help’—I might have said, ‘Never despise any one at all’, for contempt implies a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another. It means that you are glad and congratulate yourself on their failings or misfortunes. The sense of inferiority in others, without this indirect appeal to our self-love; is a painful feeling and not an exulting one.

You complain since that the boys laugh at you, and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as were at home. My dear, that is one chief reason for your being sent to school, to inure you betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet in life. You cannot always be with me: and, perhaps, it is as well that you cannot. But, you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You have, hitherto, been a spoiled child and have been used to have your own way a good deal, both in the house and among your play-

fellows. with whom you were too fond of being leader; but you have good nature and good sense, and will get the better of this in time. You have now got among other boys who are your equals or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides humouring your whims and fancies; and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But, the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself. There is a number of boys in the school where you are, whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which therefore, you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house you might do as you pleased: in the world, you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son to destroy or dictate to millions and can only expect to share their fate, or settle your difference amicably

with them. You already find it so at school and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon, and with as little pain, as you can.

I am,
 dear little fellow,
 Your affectionate father,
 W. Hazlitt.
 William Hazlitt

Notes

<i>caution you</i>	: warm you.
<i>durst say</i>	: venture to say.
<i>alter them</i>	: change them.
<i>given it a trial</i>	: tried by your experience.
<i>spite</i>	: malice ; ill will.
<i>wilfulness.</i>	: stubbornness.
<i>pique</i>	: resent, anger.
<i>despise</i>	: look down upon.
<i>sneer</i>	: contempt.
<i>to inure</i>	: to acustom you.
<i>rubs</i>	: ups and downs, misfortunes.
<i>to get the better</i>	
<i>of this</i>	: to overcome this.
<i>humouring</i>	: gratifying ; satisfying.
<i>thwarted</i>	: defeated.
<i>amicably</i>	: in a friendly manner.
<i>reconciled</i>	: adjusted.

Questions

1. What is the substance of this letter ?
2. "Never despise any one at all, for contempt implies

a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another.”
Explain fully.

3. Imagine yourself to have received this letter from your father. How would you reply to it?
4. Write to your father a letter to which the letter in text would be a reply.

Language Study

1. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following passages :-

- (a) “As we went along.....through mere spite and wilfulness.” (Para 2)
- (b) In your father’s house you might do as you pleased ; in the world, you will find competitors at every turnas you can, (the last para)

2. Complete the following :—

- (a) As black as... ..
- (b) As pale as... ..
- (c) quick as.....
- (d) As hard as
- (e) As old as
- (f) As sharp as

3. Fill in the blanks :-

- (a) We enquire....a person.....some matter.
- (b) We knock ...a door.. a wall.
- (c) We provide ourselves.....something..our family.. necessity.
- (d) We sympathise a personhis troubles.
- (e) We became angry.....a person.....but..... things.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER

[*To Indira*]

Central Prison, Naini,

October 26, 1930.

On your birthday, you have been in the habit of receiving presents and good wishes. Good wishes you will still have in full measure but what present can I give you from Naini prison? My presents cannot be very material or solid. They can only be of the air and of the mind and spirit, such as a good fairy might have bestowed on you—something that even the high walls of prison cannot stop.

You know, sweetheart, how I dislike sermonizing and doling out good advice. When I am tempted to this, I always think of a story of 'a very wise man' I once read. Perhaps, one day you will yourself read the book which contains this story. Thirteen hundred years ago there came a great traveller from China to India, in search of wisdom and knowledge. His name was Hiuen Tsang; and, over the deserts and mountains of the north, he came braving many dangers, facing

and overcoming many obstacles, so great was his thirst for knowledge. And he spent many year in India, learning himself and teaching others, especially at the great University of Nalanda which existed then near the city that was called *Pataliputra* and is now known as *Paina*. Hiuen Tsang became very learned, himself, and he was given the title of 'Master of the Law'—the Law of the Buddha—and he journeyed all over India and saw and studied the people that lived in this great country in those far-off days. Later, he wrote a book of the travels; and it is this book which contains the story that comes to my mind. It is about a man from South India who came to *Karnasuvarna*, which was a city somewhere near modern Bhagalpur in Bihar; and this man, it is written, wore round his belly and waist copper plates and on his head he carried a lighted torch. Staff in hand, with proud bearing and with lofty steps, he wandered about in this strange attire. And, when any one asked him the reason for this curious get-up, he told him that his wisdom was so great that he was afraid his belly would burst if he did not wear copper plates round it; and because he was so moved with pity for the ignorant people round about him, who lived

in darkness, he carried the light on his head

Well, I am quite sure that there is no danger of my ever bursting with too much wisdom and, so, there is no need for me to wear copper plates or armour. And, in any event, I hope that my wisdom, such of it as I possess, does not live in my belly. Wherever it may reside, there is plenty of room still for more of it and there is no chance of there being no room left. If I am so limited in wisdom, how can I pose as a wise man to others and distribute good advice to all? *And so, I have always thought that the best way to find out what is right, and what is not right, what should be done and what should not be done, is not to give a sermon, but to talk and discuss, and out of the discussion sometimes a little bit of truth comes out.* I have liked my talks with you and we have discussed many things; but the world is wide, and beyond our world lie other wonderful and mysterious worlds. So, none of us need ever be bored or imagine, like the very foolish and conceited person, whose story Hiuen Tsang has told us, that we have learned everything worth learning and become very wise. And, **perhaps**, it is well that we do not become

very wise, for the very wise, if any such there are, must sometimes feel rather sad that there is nothing more to learn. They must miss the joy of discovery and of learning new things—the great adventure that all of us, who care, may have.

I must not, therefore, sermonize. But, what am I to do then? A letter can hardly take the place of a talk; at best, it is a onesided affair. So, if I say anything that sounds like good advice, do not take it as if it were a bad pill to swallow. Imagine that I have made a suggestion to you, for you to think over, as if we really were having a talk.

In your history books you read of great periods in the life of nations. We read of great men and women and great deeds performed, and, sometimes, in our dreams and reveries, we imagine ourselves back in those times and doing brave deeds like the heroes and heroines of old. Do you remember how fascinated you were when you first read the story of Jeanne D' Arc, and how your ambition was to do something like her? Ordinary men and women are not usually heroic. They think of their daily bread and butter, of their children, of

their household worries and the like, But, a time comes when a whole people become full of faith for a great cause ; and; then, even simple, ordinary men and women become heroes and history becomes stirring and epochmaking. Great leaders have something in them which inspires a whole people and makes them do great deeds.

The year you were born in 1919, was one of the great years of history, when a great leader, with a heart full of love and sympathy for the poor and suffering, made his people write a noble and never-to be-forgotten chapter of history. In the very month you were born, Lenin started his great revolution which has changed the face of Russia and Siberia, And today, in India, another great leader, also full of love for all who suffer and passionately eager to help them, has inspired our people to great endeavour and noble sacrifice, so that they may again be free and the starving and the poor and the oppressed may have their burdens removed from them. *Bapuji* lies in prison; but the magic of his message steals into the hearts of India's millions, and men and women, and even little children, come out of their little shells and

become India's soldiers of freedom. In India today, we are making history, and you and I are fortunate to see this happen before our eyes and to take some part ourselves in this great drama.

How shall we bear ourselves in this great movement? What part shall we play in it? I cannot say what part will fall to our lot; but whatever it may be, let us remember that we can do nothing which may bring discredit to our cause or dishonour to our people. If we are to be India's soldiers, we have India's honour in our keeping, and that honour is a sacred trust. Often, we may be in doubt as to what to do. It is no easy matter to decide what is right and what is not. One little test I shall ask you to apply whenever you are in doubt, It may help you. Never do anything in secret or anything that you wish to hide. For the desire to hide anything means that you are afraid, and fear is a bad thing and unworthy of you. Be brave, and all the rest follows. If you are brave, you will not fear and will not do anything of which you are ashamed. You know that in our great freedom movement under Bapuji's leadership, there is no room for secrecy or hiding. We have

nothing to hide. We are not afraid of what we do and what we say. We work in the sun and in the light. Even so, in our private lives, let us make friends with the sun and work in the light and do nothing, secretly or furtively. Privacy, of course, we may have and should have, but that is a very different thing from secrecy. And if you do so, my dear, you will grow up a child of the light, unafraid and serene and unruffled, whatever may happen.

I have written to you a very long letter. And there is so much I would like to tell you. How can a letter contain it?

You are fortunate, I have said, in being a witness to this great struggle for freedom that is going on in our country. You are also very fortunate in having a very brave and wonderful little woman for your Mummie; and if you are ever in doubt or in trouble, you cannot have a better friend.

Good-bye, little one, and may you grow up into a brave soldier in India's service.

With all my love and good wishes.

—Jawahar Lal Nehru

Notes

<i>sermonizing</i>	: preaching.
<i>doling out</i>	: giving in very small quantities.
<i>braving</i>	: facing boldly.
<i>proud bearing</i>	: dignified appearance.
<i>Lenin</i>	: one of the founders of the modern Communist Russia who came before Stalin.
<i>come out of their little shells</i>	: face reality.
<i>furtively</i>	: secretly.

Questions

1. What little test does Mr. Nehru say to his daughter to apply when she is in doubt?
2. Why, in Mr. Nehru's view, was 1919 one of the great years of history?
3. Mr. Nehru advises his daughter, to avoid doing anything secretly. But he does admit that privacy, "which is a different thing from secrecy" is necessary. Discuss.
4. In what sense in Mr. Nehru's view, was Mrs. Indira Gandhi fortunate?
5. Imagine yourself to have been the recipient of this letter. Write an appropriate letter acknowledging it gratefully.

Language Study

1. Do as directed
 - (a) You are fortunate, I have said, in being a witness to this great struggle for freedom that is going on in our country. (change it into a simple sentence).

(b) If you are ever in doubt or in trouble, you cannot have a better friend (change into the interrogatory form).

(c) Lenin started his great revolution, which has changed the face of Russia. (change into the present perfect tense).

2. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following passages :-

(a) "How shall we bear ourselves in this great movement? What part . may happen." (Para 7)

(b) "You are fortunate, I have said, in being a witness.....better friend." (the last one para).

3. (a) Write questions to which the following may be suitable answers :-

At the railway station; course, I will, I don't know, sixteen rupees, Half past four.

(b) Complete the following phrases denoting collection :-

1. A battery or.....
 2. A band of
 3. A bench of.....
 4. A bevy of.....
 5. A board of.....
 6. A broad of
 7. A bunch of... ..
 8. A caravan.....
 9. A chain of.....
 10. A cluster of.....
 11. A code o.....
 12. A crew of.. ..
-

PART V.
THE ESSAY

ON EARLY RISING

There is no period of the year when my spirit is so much at war with the flesh as this. For the winter is over, and the woods are browning and the choristers of the fields are calling me to matins—and I do not go. Spiritually I am an early riser. I have a passion for dawn and the dew on the grass, and the “early pipe of half-awakened birds.” On the rare occasions on which I have gone out to meet the sun upon the upland lawn or on the mountain tops I have experienced an emotion that perhaps no other experience can give, I remember a morning in the Tyrol when I had climbed Kitzbulhhorn to see the sun rise. I saw the darkness changing to chill grey, but no beam of sunlight came through the massed clouds that barred the east. Feeling that my night climb had been in vain, I turned round to the west, and there, by a sort of magical reflection, I saw the sunrise. A beam of light, invisible to the east, had pierced the clouds and struck the mountains in the west. It seemed to turn them

to molten gold, and as it moved along the black mass it was as though a vast torch was setting the world afire, And I remembered that fine stanza of Clough's:

And not through eastern windows only,
When morning comes, comes in the light.
In front the dawn breaks slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

And there was that other dawn which I saw, from the icy ridge of the Petersgrat, turning the snow-clad summits of the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, and Mont Blanc to a magic realm of rose-tinted battlements.

And there are others. But they are few, for though I am spiritually a son of the morning, I am physically a sluggard. There are some people who are born with a gift for early rising. I was born with a genius for lying in bed. I can go to bed as late as anybody, and have no joy in a company that begins to yawn and grow drowsy about ten o'clock. But in the early rising handicap I am not a starter. A merciful providence has given me a task that keeps me working far into the night and makes breakfast and the newspaper in bed a

matter of duty. No words can express the sense of secret satisfaction with which I wake and realise that I haven't to get up, that stern duty bids me lie a little longer, listening to the comfortable household noises down below and the cheerful songs outside, studying anew the pattern of the wall-paper and taking the problems of life "lying down" in no craven sense.

I know there are many people who have to catch early morning buses and trams who would envy me if they knew my luck. For the ignoble family of sluggards is numerous. It includes many distinguished men. It includes saints as well as sages. That moral paragon, Dr. Arnold, was one of them; Thomson; the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, was another. Bishop Selwyn even put the duty of lying in bed on a moral plane. "I did once rise early," he said, "but I felt so vain all the morning and so sleepy all the afternoon that I determined not to do it again." He stayed in bed to mortify his pride, to make himself humble. And is not humility one of the cardinal virtues of a good Christian? I have fancied myself that people who rise early are slightly self-righteous. They can't help feeling a little scornful of us sluggards.

And we know it. Humility is the badge of all our tribe. We are not proud of lying in bed, We are ashamed—and happy. The noblest sluggard of us all has stated our case for us, “No man practises so well as he writes,” said Dr. Johnson. “I have all my life been lying till noon; yet I tell all young man and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good.”

Of course we pay the penalty. We do not catch the early worm. When we turn out all the bargains have gone, and we are left only with the odds and ends. From a practical point of view, we have no defence. We know that an early start is the secret of success. It used to be said of the Duke of Newcastle that he always went about as though he had got up half an hour late, and was trying all day to catch it up. And history has recorded what a grotesque failure he was in politics. When someone asked Nelson for the secret of his success he replied; “Well, you see, I always manage to be a quarter of an hour in front of the other fellow.” And the recipe holds good to-day. When the inner history of the battle of the Falkland Islands is told in detail it will be found that it was

the early start insisted on by the one man of military genius and vision we have produced in this war that gave us that priceless victory.

And, if you have ever been on walking tour or a cycling tour you know that early rising is the key of the business. Start early and you are master of your programme and your fate. You can linger by the way, take a dip in the mountain tarn, lie under the shadow of a great rock in the hot afternoon, and arrive at the valley inn in comfortable time for the evening meal. Start late and you are the slave of the hours. You chase them with weary feet, pass the tarn with the haste of a dispatch bearer though you are dying for a bath, and arrive when the roast and boiled are cleared away and the merry company are doing a "traverse" around the skirting board of the billiard room. Happy reader, if you know the inn I mean—the jolly inn at Wasdale Head.

No, whether from the point of business or pleasure, worldly wisdom or spiritual satisfaction, there is nothing to be said in our defence. All that we can say for lying in bed is what Foote—I think it was Foote—

said about the rum “I went into a public-house,” he said, “and heard one man call for some rum because he was hot and another call for some rum because he was cold Then I called for some rum because I liked it.” We sluggards had better make the same clean breast of the business. We lie in bed because we like it. Just that Nothing more. We like it We claim no virtue, ask no indulgence, accept with humility the rebukes of the strenuous.

As for me, I have a licence—nay, I have more: I have a duty. It is my duty to lie in bed o’ mornings until the day is well aired. For I burn the midnight oil, and the early blackbird—the first of our choir to awake has often saluted me on my way home. Therefore I lie in bed in the morning looking at the ceiling and listening to the sounds of the busy world without a twinge of conscience. If you were listening, you would hear me laugh softly to myself as I give the pillow another shake and thank providence for having given me a job that enables me to enjoy the privileges of the sluggard without incurring the odium that he so richly deserves.

A. G. Gardiner.

Notes

- A. G. Gardiner* : George Alfred Gardiner (2 June 1865 — 3 March 1946), journalist and essayist born at Chelmsford, Essex. After fifteen years in provincial journalism he became editor of the *Daily News* from 1902 to 1919 and wrote many essays such a *Prophets, Priests, and Kings, Pillars of society, The war Lords, Certain People of Importance*. His collected essays include *Pebbles on the shore* and *Leaves in the wind*, and *Many Furrows*.
- choristers* : members of a chorus or band of singers belonging to a church.
- matins* : the daily morning service of the Church of England; morning prayers.
- sluggard* : one who is habitually idle or inactive.
- craven* : cowardly ; spiritless.
- mortify* : subdue.
- Burn the midnight oil* . work till late in the night.
- odium* : blame
- Tyrol* : Mountain region, Austria and Italy, between Munich and verona which are linked by the Brenner Pass.

Questions

1. "No words can express the sense of secret satisfaction with which I wake and realise that I haven't got to get up, that stern duty bids me lie a little longer, listening to the comfortable household noises down

below and the cheerful songs outside, studying a new the pattern of the wall paper and talking the problems of life lying down in no craven sense" Comment on this experience of a late riser. Do you agree with him.

2. Mention the distinguished men whom Gardiner quotes in support of late rising. What have you to say in your own defence if you do not want to rise early?
3. Summarise in your own words Gardiner's essay. *On Early Rising*,
4. Does Gardiner ultimately succeed in defending the late risers whom he calls "the ignoble family of sluggards"?

Language Study

1. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following passages :-

(a) "No, whether from the point of view of business or pleasure the rebukes of the strenuous"
(one para before the last)

(b) "I know there are many people who have to catch early morning buses or trams... .."do any good."
(Para 3)

2. Correct the following sentences :

(a) I remember a morning in Tyrol when I had climbed Kitzbulhhorn to see sun rise.

(b) Beam of light invisible in east had pierced to clouds and struck with mountains.

3. Use the following in sentences of your own :—

to catch it up; to catch up with; to be caught up with ; to burn the midnight oil; burn candle at both ends ; to burn one's fingers ; to lie down ; to lie over; to take a dip in the river ; to lay ; to lay out; without a twinge of conscience; to incur odium.

THE ONION-EATER

There is a hill not far from my home whence it is possible to see northward and southward such a stretch of land as is not to be seen from any eminence among those I know in Western Europe. Southward the sea-plain and the sea standing up in a belt of light against the sky, and northward all the weald.

From this summit the eye is disturbed by no great cities of the modern sort, but a dozen at least of those small market towns which are the delight of South England hold the view from point to point, from the pale blue downs of the island over eastward, to the Kentish hills.

A very long way off, and near the sea-line, the high faint spire of that cathedral which was once the mother of all my country goes up without weight into the air and gathers round it the delicate and distant outlines of the landscape—as, indeed, its builders meant that it should do. In such a spot, on such a high watch-tower of England, I met, three days ago, a man.

I had been riding my kind and honourable horse for two hours, broken, indeed, by long rest in a deserted barn.

I had been his companion, I say, for two hours, and had told him a hundred interesting things—to which he had answered nothing at all—when I took him along a path that neither of us yet had trod. I had not, I know; he had not (I think), for he went snorting and doubtfully. The path broke up from the kennels near Waltham, and made for the High Wood between Gumber and No-Man's Land. It went over dead leaves and quite lonely to the thick of the forest; there it died out into a vaguer and vaguer trail. At last it ceased altogether, and for half an hour or so I pushed carefully, always climbing upwards, through the branches, and picked my way along the bramble shoots, until at last I came out upon that open space of which I have spoken. and which I have known since my childhood. As I came out of the wood the South-west wind met me, full of the Atlantic, and it seemed to me to blow from Paradise.

I remembered, as I halted and so gazed

north and south to the weald below me, and then again to the sea, the story of that Sultan who publicly proclaimed that he had possessed all power on earth, and had numbered on a tablet with his own hand each of his happy days, and had found them, when he came to die to be seventeen. I knew what that heathen had meant and I looked into my heart as I remembered the story, but I came back from the examination satisfied, for 'So far', I said to myself, 'this day is among my number, and the light is falling. I will count it for one.' It was then that I saw before me, going easily and slowly across the downs, the figure of a man.

He was powerful, full of health and easy; his clothes were rags; his face was open and bronzed. I came at once off my horse to speak with him, and, holding my horse by the bridle, I led it forward till we met. Then I asked him whither he was going, and whether, as I knew these open hills by heart, could not help him on his way.

He answered me that he was in no need of help, for he was bound nowhere, but that he had come up off the high road on to the

hills in order to get his pleasure and also to see what there was on the other side. He said to me also with evident enjoyment (and in the accent of a lettered man). 'This is indeed a day to be alive!'

I saw that I had here some chance of an adventure, since it is not every day that one meets upon a lonely down a man of culture, in rags and happy. I therefore took the bridle right off my horse and let him nibble, and I sat down on the bank of the Roman road holding the leather of the bridle in my hand, and wiping the bit with plucked grass. The stranger sat down beside me, and drew from his pocket a piece of bread and a large onion. We then talked of those things which should chiefly occupy mankind: I mean, of happiness and of the destiny of the soul. Upon these matters I found him to be exact, thoughtful, and just,

First, then, I said to him: 'I also have been full of gladness all this day, and, what is more, as I came up the hill from Waltham I was inspired to verse, and wrote it inside my mind, completing a passage I

had been working at for two years, upon joy. But it was easy for me to be happy, since I was on a horse and warm and well fed; yet even for me such days are capricious. I have known but few in my life. They are each of them distinct and clear, so rare are they, and (what is more) so different are they in their very quality from all other days.

‘You are right,’ he said, ‘in this last phrase of yours...They are indeed quite other from all the common days of our lives. But you were wrong, I think, in saying, that your horse and clothes and good feeding and the rest had to do with these curious intervals of content. Wealth makes the run of our days somewhat more easy, poverty makes them more hard—or very hard. But no poverty has ever yet brought of itself despair into the soul—the men who kill themselves are neither rich nor poor. Still less has wealth ever purchased those peculiar hours. I am also filled with their spirit today, and God knows,’ said he, cutting his onion in two, so that it gave out a strong savour, ‘God knows I can purchase nothing.’

‘Then tell me,’ I said, ‘whence do you believe these moments come? And will you

give me half your onion ?'

'With pleasure,' he replied, 'for no man can eat a whole onion ; and as for that other matter, why, I think the door of heaven is ajar from time to time, and that the light shines out upon us for a moment between its opening and closing'. He said this in a merry, sober manner ; his black eyes sparkled, and his large beard was blown about a little by the wind. Then he added : 'If a man is a slave to the rich in the great cities (the mast miserable of mankind), yet these days come to him. To the vicious wealthy and privileged men, whose faces are stamped hard with degradation, these days come ; they come to you, you say, working (I suppose) in anxiety like most of men. They come to me who neither work nor am anxious so long as South England may freely import onions.'

'I believe you are right,' I said. 'And I especially commend you for eating onions: they contain all health ; they induce sleep ; they may be called the apples of content, or, again, the companion-fruits of mankind.'

'I have always said', he answered, gravely

that when the couple of them left Eden they hid and took away with them an onion. I am moved in my soul to have known a man who reveres and loves them in the due measure' for such men are rare.'

Then he asked, with evident anxiety; Is there no inn about here where a man like me will be taken in ?

'Yes', I told him. 'Down under that Combe at Duncton is a very good inn. Have you money ?'

'I will take all you can possibly afford me,' he answered in a cheerful, manly fashion. I counted out my money and found I had on me but 3s. 7d. 'Here is 3s. 7d.' I said.

'Thank you, indeed, he answered, taking the coins and wrapping them in a little rag (for he had no pockets. but only holes.)

'I wish,' I said with regret, 'we might meet and talk more often of many things. So much do we agree, and men like you and me are often lonely.'

He shrugged his shoulders and put his head

on one side, quizzing at me with his eyes. Then he shook his head decidedly, and said ; 'No, no it is certain that we shall never meet again.' And thanking me with great fevour, but briefly, he went largely and strongly down the escarpment of the Combe to Duncton and the weald; and I shall never see him again till the Great Day.

Hilaire Belloc, *Hills and the Sea*.

Notes

Hilaire Belloc : Jospeh Hilaire Pierre Be loc (1870—1953) son of a French father and English mother, educated at the Oratory school, Edghostan, and Balliol College, Oxford became a naturalized Englishman in 1903, and Member of parliament 1906—1910. His published books include : *Path to Rome, The Old Road, Hills and the Sea*, (from which this essay is taken). *General sketch of the European War, Verses ane Sonnets, History of England*, 4 vols, *Many Cities, Joan of Arc, New Cautionary Tales, Essays of a Catholic Layman in England*, and ten other books.

Eminence : height.

snorting : forcing the voilence and noise through the nostrils, as horses do.

<i>kennels</i>	: the water-course of a street; a gutter.
<i>bramble-shoots</i>	: the shoots of bramble, <i>bramble</i> being a wild prickly shrub bearing black berries or any prickly shrub.
<i>weald</i>	: any open country; a district comprising of Kent and Sussex, extending from Folk Stone Hill near the straits of Dover to Berchy Head.
<i>bronzed</i>	: hardhned.
<i>capricious</i>	: changeable; freakish.
<i>spark ed</i>	: shone.
<i>shrugged his shoulders</i>	: showed indifference, unconcern.
<i>quizzing at</i>	: looking at me rather with an air of mockery.
<i>fervour</i>	: warmth; enthusiasm.
<i>escarpment</i>	: a steep slope.

Questions

1. Can you recall a day in your life when you thought, in the words of the onion-eater, that everything was pleasant in the world?
2. In the understanding of the eassy, show how hapiness does not depend on wealth or the want of it.
3. Give the substance of the essay and state what impression you form of this essay.

Language Study

1. Translate into a Modern Indian Language the following passages :-
 - (a) "From this summit the eyes is disturbed.....to the Kentish hills."

(Para 2)

- (b) "He answered me that he was in no need of help, for he was bound nowhere.....'This indeed is a day to be alive!'" (Para 8)

2. Split the following into simple sentences :-

A very long way off, and near the sea, high faint spire of that cathedral which was once the mother of all my country goes up without weight into the air and gathers round it the delicate and distant outlines of the landscape—as, indeed, its builders meant that it should do.

3. Change the following into the direct form of speech making it all into one complex sentence :

"Yes," I told him, "Down under the Combe at Duncton is a very good inn. Have you money to pay? Will you take some of my money?"

4. Substitute the following by single words :-

- (a) His office is one for which no salary is paid.
- (b) A bird of passage.
- (c) He is incapable of being chosen.
- (d) A word no longer in use.
- (e) Incapable of being heard.
- (f) Incapable of being believed.
- (g) Destitute of knowledge.
- (h) Easily made angry.
- (i) Unable to pay debts.
- (j) Government by nobles.
- (k) Government by officials.